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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

BEFORE the year is out Hitler will probably have taken the critical decision over Spain. His envoy, General Faupel, accredited to General Franco's Government, has returned to Berlin to report. Accounts from two independent sources, the *Times* Berlin correspondent and Mr. Vernon Bartlett, state that his estimate of Franco's prospects is discouraging. In the absence of any mass support from the Spanish population the German troops already sent are not sufficient to ensure victory; for this another 60,000 men would be needed. But, he foresees, they will have to remain permanently, for Franco has not the man-power to hold down the Spanish masses after a military victory. In these circumstances it is said that military and moderate opinion in Germany is for liquidating the Spanish adventure, but that the Führer, who argues that he has invariably succeeded in all his challenges to the Western Powers by boldly breaking engagements, is disposed to gamble again, and to send the necessary 60,000 reinforcements. Precisely how many German troops there are at present in Spain is something of a mystery. Our own information, as we stated last week, agrees with that of the *Times*, on a figure of about 10,000 to 14,000 men. But M. de Kerillis, the leading journalist of the extreme French Right, reports from Salamanca to the *Echo de Paris* that there are 26,000 to 31,000 German regular troops and specialists in Spain already.

Mr. Eden Marks Time

While Hitler is making up his mind whether he will take a step that would amount to an open German conquest of Spain, it is clear that the attitude of the British Government may be the decisive factor. Mr. Eden's speech on the adjournment of the House expressed growing uneasiness over recent flagrant breaches of neutrality, and meant, we think, that he is not disposed to take unilateral action to stop volunteering. He has as yet given no public indication that he is ready for energetic diplomatic action in Berlin, whatever message he may have sent to Hitler through Herr Ribbentrop. Until, in concert with the French, he tells Hitler that the Western Powers will not tolerate further German intervention, the Führer is likely to go on plunging. There are, however, hints from Nazi quarters that he might leave Spain alone, if the British Empire would help him to a colony, even a small one. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union, if no general "Hands off Spain" agreement can be negotiated, has now an occasion that might prompt

her to direct action. On Monday of the previous week a Russian steamer, the *Komsomol*, apparently carrying ore from the Caucasus to Ghent, was sunk by one of Franco's warships. This act is rightly described by Moscow as "piracy." In demanding security for her commercial shipping the Soviet Union is entitled to British and French support.

Detaching Italy?

The decision of the British and French Governments to withdraw their Legations from Addis Ababa and to substitute for them Consulates-General, which will doubtless be accredited to the "King of Italy and Emperor of Abyssinia," is smoothly explained by the Conservative press as merely a practical measure for the better safeguarding of British interests in Abyssinia. The motives behind the move, which constitutes *de facto* recognition of Italy's annexation, are obviously deeper than that. There are indications that the Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay are endeavouring gently to detach Mussolini from partnership "up to the limit" with Hitler in Fascist intervention on the side of the Spanish rebels. The calculation is that Italy has not yet plunged nearly as deeply as Germany in the Spanish adventure; that she could withdraw or curtail her assistance to Franco without serious loss of face; and that the Italo-German entente as leading members of the anti-Communist front does not mean that the Duce and the Führer see eye to eye on the matter of Central European frontiers. How far Italy will respond to this Anglo-French gesture remains to be seen. Mussolini may well be willing to conclude in vague terms a Mediterranean understanding with France and Britain, in which the complementary interests of the three countries are politely asserted. Reports that he is already recalling some of his military advisers and technicians from Spain may even be true. Yet it may also prove to be the case that Italy is simply sitting back while Germany pulls the Mediterranean chestnuts out of the fire for her. Diplomatic supping with dictators calls for a long spoon.

Arms and Budgets

With unusual celerity, though not without one somewhat heated all-night sitting, the French Chamber of Deputies has voted M. Vincent-Auriol's budget for 1937. Critics from various sections of the Chamber made much of the unprecedented size of the £41 million deficit budgeted, and emphasised that the real deficit, including "extraordinary" expenditure on rearmament and public works, was of the order of £190 millions. These figures were not such as to encourage *bourgeois* gold-hoarders to disgorge, nor was M. Paul-Reynaud's assertion that a fresh dose of devaluation would prove necessary exactly heartening to potential subscribers for new Government loans. M. Blum's Cabinet has obviously risked losing the benefit of devaluation by allowing the economic stimulus of a very much cheaper franc to be neutralised by the higher costs and prices resulting from its (otherwise highly desirable) social legislation. Next year the Government will have to borrow, to the tune of many milliards, for its rearmament programme. It can "put over" its loans only if industry and commerce sufficiently revive. Present indications point to recovery: production is increasing and so are bank deposits; but the process is slow. With luck, M. Blum may win through financially, but the task of combining a social semi-revolution with a gigantic armaments programme in a State which is still capitalist in structure requires nerve. M. Vincent-Auriol must pass sleepless nights, even if he finds consolation in the now almost certain knowledge that his financially strait-laced confrère, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, will be joining the ranks of "borrowers for arms" as soon as Parliament reassembles.

The Evidence of Malnutrition

The annual report of the Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education is of special importance this year because it includes the results of an inquiry into the nutrition of school children. Over the country as a whole nearly one-third of the school population was examined. In nearly three-quarters of the cases nutrition was proved to be "normal," and in 14½ per cent "excellent." On the other hand 10½ per cent. were "slightly sub-normal," and rather under 1 per cent. definitely bad. At first sight this looks reassuring. But it has to be borne in mind that the inquiry was not based on any defined standard of adequate nutrition, each M.O.H. being left to apply his own standards. The result is that "normal" tends to mean not "adequate," but whatever happens to be the ordinary standard of nutrition in the particular area surveyed. The lower the "normal" standard is in an area, the more will instances of malnutrition tend to be covered up. Sir Arthur MacNulty himself comments in his report than an unduly optimistic standard must have been taken by the officers who reported that malnutrition, even in its "slight" form, was practically non-existent in two depressed areas, and that in one Welsh county no case at all could be found. Nevertheless, on the whole, the percentages of undernourished children are substantially higher in South Wales and the North than elsewhere, and lowest in the relatively prosperous South. But an inquiry based on a uniform standard for the whole country, even if it would be difficult to carry out except by sampling, would be of far greater value when it had been done.

Wage Advances

The threatened cotton strike has been averted. The spinners, piecers and cardroom operatives got their advance—not all they had asked for, but a sufficient instalment for the strike to be called off at the eleventh hour. The workers in the preparing sections of the cotton industry have thus secured by a threat to strike what the weavers got through the machinery of negotiation a few weeks ago. The settlement was made possible by giving the lowest-paid adult workers, primarily the big piecers, a special advance in addition to the general percentage increase conceded to the operatives as a whole. This settlement in the cotton trade is only one among a number of signs that the industries which have cut wages most during the depression are now realising the necessity of concessions. The shipbuilding employers, at the opening of negotiations last week on the Trade Unions' claims, agreed at once that some advance in wages should be given, and that it remained only to discuss the amount. In fact, Trade Unionism, after a long period of quiescence in many trades, has now an opportunity of reasserting itself. It will be wise to press now; the conditions to-day are as favourable as they seem likely to be.

"Something shall be done"

The Labour Party was wise to set up its own body of Commissioners and send them round the depressed areas in search of concrete facts and proposals. For the depressed areas problem has now reached a stage at which a large mass of public support can be enlisted behind any proposal which is definite and looks workable. Last week-end the Labour Commissioners began their work in the west of Scotland. They had it amply demonstrated to them that the revival of shipbuilding has left a great mass of surplus labour in the Clyde shipyards unabsorbed, and without prospect of being absorbed; and that the Lanarkshire coalfield is being laid waste by flood, because there are no concerted arrangements for preventing water from derelict pits drowning workable pits. While the Commissioners were on the Clyde, Lord Nuffield was preparing for yet another spectacular gift—£2 millions to form a special trust fund for the benefit of the depressed areas, and to be used in ways not open to the official agencies dispensing Government help. As an act of private munificence the gift is remarkable. As a means of solving the problems of the depressed areas it is a fleabite. As a means of alleviating misery without curing it it may achieve substantial results for a time. It is good, as far as it goes. But neither £2 millions nor £100 millions will save the depressed areas, unless steps are taken to reorganise the basic industries on which they depend and to locate new industries in them in place of those which have declined. The danger is that Lord Nuffield's gift may be used by the Government as an excuse for further inaction.

Union on the Left?

The three bodies which represent the "Socialist Left" in this country have been for some time conducting negotiations with a view to forming a "United Front" of their own. The project became public property last week-end, when the leaders of the three bodies, having reached a preliminary agreement on a draft manifesto, began the necessary process of consulting their members. The proposals do not include any sort of amalgamation—only joint action in the campaign against Fascism and on such issues as the Means Test and the Distressed Areas. From the standpoint of the Communists, it is easy to see the advantages of the move. If the Labour Party rejects them, they must find collaboration where they can. The I.L.P. too may well desire to find allies. But the situation is much more difficult for the Socialist League, which is an affiliated section of the Labour Party, and consists largely of those "loyalists" who refused to leave the Labour Party with the rest of the old I.L.P. What will these members say if the Labour Party now proceeds to ban the Socialist League for the sin of collaborating with the Communists? What will be the repercussions on the discontented local Labour parties in which Left views are strong? Will Sir Stafford Cripps be driven out of the Labour Party, and if so where will he go? Or will the members of the Socialist League reject their leaders' advice, and refuse to ratify the proposed pact? Or will the Labour Party have sense enough to turn its blind eye to the whole affair, and let it work itself out?

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THE B.B.C. AND THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

NOTHING came out of the B.B.C. debate; nothing could. For no one wanted to go back on the decision to maintain the present status of the B.B.C.; no one was ready to push criticism to the point of action, to demand that Sir John Reith should be made an Ambassador or otherwise honorifically replaced. Nor were there more than glancing blows at Mr. Norman, who seems to us to have come with least credit out of the Lambert Report. Members were content to show that they were not satisfied with internal conditions of Broadcasting House and hoped that their criticisms would be noted by the Board of Governors of the B.B.C. who, the Postmaster-General announced, would be strengthened by two new appointments. The addition of Dr. J. J. Mallon and Sir Ian Fraser should make the Board rather less remote and—for Dr. Mallon's is a particularly good appointment—rather less conventional and starchily shirt-fronted. But the Government's refusal of the advice of the Ullswater Committee that a senior member of the Cabinet, unburdened by too much departmental work, should be charged with special responsibility for broadcasting policy, meant that the House of Commons could do no more than hint. They could not command. Major Tryon conveyed the impression that he knew almost nothing of the internal working of Broadcasting House; and he assumed with obvious reluctance the role of apologist divorced from responsibility. Nothing was done from the Government benches to meet the charge that the B.B.C. has grown into a sort of miniature totalitarian State in which intelligence and enterprise are increasingly stultified by the control of a semi-military bureaucracy.

That broadcasting should have become to some extent bureaucratised was probably inevitable: the atmosphere of enthusiastic amateurism which characterised early pioneering days at Savoy Hill could scarcely have survived, under any circumstances, the organisation's expansion to present-day dimensions. When the Government accepted the recommendation of the Crawford Committee in 1926—"that the broadcasting service should be conducted by a public corporation acting as Trustee for the national interest"—and the present chartered Corporation came into being, it was at once obvious that the B.B.C., run as a semi-autonomous apanage of the State, was liable to share the qualities and defects of any branch of the Civil Service. What Parliament did not foresee was the combination of circumstances which have rendered the B.B.C. the fantastic place to work in that it has recently become. Shot at from every side, subjected to pressure from Government Departments, foreign embassies and important personages of all sorts, the Governors have developed a terror of "dangerous thoughts," while Sir John Reith, whose disposition is naturally autocratic and suspicious, has surrounded himself with a hierarchy of immediate subordinates whose most conspicuous qualifications are their correct old-school-tie outlook and their remoteness from the feelings and opinions of the masses for whom the B.B.C., after all, primarily caters. There has been a gradual elimination of independent, liberal minds, while appointments to the higher control have included an admiral and a colonel. The latest appointment

confirms this impression. We have no doubt that Sir Richard Maconachie, who has just been appointed the new Director of Talks, is in every way an estimable person. But there is surely something odd in choosing as the Director of one of the greatest of cultural influences in this country a member of the Indian Civil Service whose experience has been mainly among the illiterate, who has been in this country but little for many years, and whose last official post was that of British Minister to Afghanistan.

We repeat that we know nothing against Sir Richard and we would add that some of the criticism of Sir John Reith himself is exaggerated and ill-informed. Anyone holding his position would have been an object of attack. But the general effect of Sir John's administration and the whole tendency of the B.B.C. recently has been to make it, in the minds of many people, an embodiment of the "public school idea," reverential to Church and State, urbanely humane towards misfortune, prone to test values by the "Is it cricket" criterion. Everyone can think of examples. For ourselves we recall in particular the peculiar experience of a musician who was granted an audition at Broadcasting House and who was immediately asked by an excellently groomed official what public school he came from. We regret to say that this musician was rude enough to reply, "The Red Lion in my village," and to march out, shaking the dust (if there was any dust in that impeccable building) from off his feet.

The growing fear that anything should occur in the B.B.C. that would not be approved of in the best clubs is one of the causes of that lack of confidence and harmony between the Corporation and the staff that was apparent in the Lambert case. Yet the public, who provide in licence fees the B.B.C.'s enormous income, have a right to insist that the B.B.C. staff is as free and as satisfied with its conditions as any Civil Service staff. In the new Charter, prolonging for ten years the Corporation's life, the Government has failed to enforce the recommendations of the Ullswater Committee, that conditions more closely resembling those of the Civil Service in security of tenure should obtain in B.B.C. employment, and that the staff should have a representative organisation for dealing with individual grievances or issues in dispute. The Government has now promised that the new Director of Staff Relations will be authorised to give the staff unfettered facilities for establishing a Staff Association; and it may be that ventilation in last week's parliamentary debate of the insistent rumours of favouritism, intrigue, scandalmongering, and espionage in Broadcasting House will do something to induce the Board of Governors to investigate and deal drastically with any proved abuses.

Even if the most urgently needed reform of staffing conditions were carried out, the B.B.C. would still, it may be argued, represent a not wholly satisfactory institution. With a Board of Governors nominated by the Prime Minister and an Advisory Council of socially eminent persons presided over by an archbishop, the broadcasting service, with its statutory monopoly of the air, is and will remain, until the success of a social revolution, the organ of the British ruling class, whether its habitat be Mayfair or Smith Square. As such, it has its drawbacks. Far less manifestly partisan than the broadcasting service of any totalitarian State, the B.B.C. has acquired something of the impartial traditions of the British Civil Service. Yet, just because of its discreetly preserved appearance of "playing fair," it succeeds to an increasing extent in following a policy whose basic purpose is the suppression of all forms of original, dynamic thought and art uncomfortable for upholders of the *status quo*. The legitimate plea that semi-nationalised broadcasting must not give offence—whether it be to Roman Catholics or believers in the spiritual tonic of blood sports—has been, and will doubtless continue to be, utilised as an excuse for the elimination of that lively and controversial note which was, a few years ago, the peculiar merit of British broadcasting.

Those who most urgently press this criticism are not, when it comes to the point, in favour of "de-nationalising" broadcasting in England, breaking the B.B.C.'s monopoly of the air and allowing private enterprise to develop broadcasting stations which would be "sponsored" by wealthier capitalistic interests. In a free scramble for dominance of the ether, victory would go to the financially big battalions, as it has in the case of the popular press.

There is to-day no escape from an "institutionalised" broadcasting service, whose faith will always tend to be in the preservation of the existing order. A Marxist might say that broadcasting is taking the place of religion as "the opium of the people." But democratic institutions are still alive in this country, and the more events press towards autocracy in every department of government the more urgently necessary is it for progressively minded people to be watchful of developments in Broadcasting House and to check, as public opinion still may, its increasingly reactionary tendencies.

THE FUTURE IN SPAIN

Back in Barcelona the effort to find out what was really going on proved almost hopeless. There is a great deal one can see and a certain amount one can guess—but of the real events one sees as much as one does, looking at the sea on a rough day, of a lobster battle under a rock. I think the only way to describe my impressions is by answering the typical questions which I have been asked.

(1) Who is going to win? It seems certain to me that, short of intervention on a scale so enormous as to obliterate the men, women and children on the Government side, the Government are bound to win. They are clearly in a very much stronger position than before as regards war material, largely because the heavy industries are producing a sufficient quantity themselves. The anti-aircraft defences of Barcelona are reputed excellent, for the town, surrounded by high hills, is much easier to defend with batteries than the exposed cities like Valencia, Cartagena, or Madrid. The country has settled down to war with real thoroughness, the militia are better trained, and there is more and more evidence of unity of command. The decisive factors are the success of the *junta de defensa* and the international column in Madrid, the Basque and Santander offensive, and the coalition between the Anarchists and Socialists. On Franco's side it is a question of whether he will be able to import sufficient Germans and Italians to counteract not only the increased man-power and military strength of the Government, but also rebellions in his rear and the weakening of the morale of his own men. The Moors, though used to as bad weather conditions in the Atlas as in the mountains of Castile and Aragon, are reported to be getting homesick. They do not thrive in trench warfare and need the excitement of storms and assaults, with the prizes attendant on them. I have been told by people who have taken Moors prisoner that they have found not only banknotes in inflation currencies, Austrian kroner, etc., on them, but also cheques on banks in Lerida, Barcelona, and other towns which have

yet to fall. There are three steps which Franco can take to gain a real advantage. He can launch a large-scale gas attack on Madrid, or an air and sea attack on Barcelona with the aid of the Italian fleet (Mme. Tabouis has predicted this for January 2nd), or a kind of Gallipoli landing from Majorca on a deserted spot on the coast between Barcelona and Valencia. Whether any of these would cause France or England more than the customary "grave concern" is the question which the Catalans now discuss most. "We are quite aware," an anarchist told me, "that we are now at war with Italy and Germany, and that they are in a position completely to wipe us out. But they will not be able to do this till they have killed every single person in Catalonia, and till we have blown up every town, factory, and village in the whole place. If they have to take Catalonia, they will find it one vast Irun."

There is just one diplomatic possibility that may turn against Franco. There is evidence that Italian activity has slackened off lately, the burden of the attack being more and more shouldered by the Germans. There was a persistent rumour that the Italian pilots have been recalled from Madrid and the machines lately brought down have all been German. It may be that the Italians are inclined to be content with the Balearic islands and Ceuta or Tangier while the Germans are going ahead to make Spain their first new colony. With the concessions on the mainland which they can demand from Franco, the Canary Islands, Spanish Guinea and Fernando Po, and the opportunities in Angola which the friendship of Portugal can confer, they will be presented with a colonial empire in all but name, stretching from the Pyrenees to south of the Congo. There is no reason why Italy should welcome this, and it may be behind her renewed friendliness for England and the comparative affability of her answer to the proposal of mediation. (Any form of plebiscite must result in hopeless defeat for Franco except in Navarre, and, possibly, Majorca.)

(2) Will it end in European war? The Spaniards think yes; they think that it is now impossible for Franco to win except by committing, with German and Italian aid, an act which will prove intolerable to France or England. They consider the Fascist rising to be just one of a series of levers which Hitler and Mussolini have decided to release at appropriate intervals. "It will be France's turn next," they say, "for France has made the same mistake as us—introducing a Left-wing Government without getting rid of the Right-wing generals. As long as the officers are not democratic, they will always rebel, with German aid, for the most patriotic reasons." I do not agree with them. The success of Fascist diplomacy has been due to their discovery that the bluff of war works just as well as war. It would not do so if the democratic countries were to bluff back. Italy may be compared to a pet lion cub, the delight of its trainer England, which grows continually bigger and more playful, was successfully restrained by its trainer from eating Corfu, but which entirely disregarded him when suddenly old enough to fell that appetising black man, Abyssinia. Now it is still just possible that a vestige of respect and prudence may restrain it from attacking the lion-tamer himself. But soon not. On the other hand, the Spaniards also do not realise the irreparable harm that the bogy of Communism has done to them. They cannot understand why, since their Government represents those liberal elements who have always looked on England as their natural model, the archetype of the ideas they stand for, while the Fascists, generals and aristocrats represent the class who were not only solidly pro-German in the war but savagely pro-Italian a year ago, they should yet be continually denounced, while their opponents are extolled, in most of the press. The fact is, unfortunately, that the aspersion of Communism, of the danger to world security which a weak, peace-loving, federalised and socialistic Spain would apparently be, is able to blind our Government and Foreign Office to any further consideration of their own interests in the matter. Recent events show that we are all ruled by Mr. Baldwin, and that Mr. Baldwin's strength is like a limpet's—only apparent when someone tries to dislodge it.

(3) Who is really in power? Who will be in power, in Spain? The power in Spain now resides in the militia. They are the people who are fighting for Spain and they would not fight for it if it did not belong to them. It is because they are fighting for a revolution that they fight so well. "I will tell you what saved Madrid," an anarchist proudly explained, "it was the departure of the Government. Once those people had gone the natural anarchical temper of the Madrileños asserted itself and they were able to fight properly. And I should like to see them try and come back!" The vast majority of the militia are members either of the C.N.T. (anarcho-syndicalists) or the U.G.T. (Left-wing Socialists with Moscow affiliations). These two bodies are now in coalition. More extreme are the anarchists of the F.A.I. and the Communists, whose prestige has increased enormously with that of the International Brigade. Their courage in standing up to the Moors in Madrid may prove the deciding moral factor in the second stage of the war. In this coalition the anarchists have had to give up more than the others, but have shown themselves the best organisers in Spain and capable of taking a very large view of the situation. They do not wish anarchy to triumph till their members are educated to receive it, and are careful to avoid what they consider to be the mistakes of Russia. Their system of collectivisation is destined not to do away with the *petite bourgeoisie*, the backbone of Catalonia, but to prevent it turning into a *grande bourgeoisie*. Thus while all industries employing more than a hundred people are collectivised, those employing less vote on it, can either be it or not, or try it out on approval for a year; peasant proprietors and landed proprietors who have remained can keep their house and a small plot of land for sentimental reasons. House-owners own their house for their lifetime and can leave it to their children, but cannot collect rent from other houses. If they cannot earn their living, being incurable rentiers, they get a workman's wage of 15 pesetas a day. There are two other workers' parties, the Estat Catalá, which has been recently "purged" and which consists mostly of patriotic but not revolutionary Catalans, and the P.O.U.M. or Trotskyists, a lively, intelligent but extremely intransigent body whose hostility to the Stalinites is putting them in an increasingly delicate position. The statesmen of the republic, Azaña, Companys, Caballero, are now to a certain extent figureheads, voluble, honoured, and impressive, whose authority is more likely to increase than vanish when the fighting is over. There is not likely to be fighting between the Anarchists and the Socialists after the war. Had the war been over quickly there would have been an appalling struggle; as it is, the Socialists have moved more to the left and the Anarchists become more reasonable. There is room for them both without fighting.

(4) "Did you get anything to eat, did you see many atrocities, what about the priests? Aren't you glad to have got out?"

One can have anything one wants to eat in Barcelona, but milk, butter, and eggs are on some days hard to find. In Valencia one is confined to the war menu of soup or hors d'oeuvres, two dishes (fish and meat) and fruit. I have seen no atrocities, I have seen no drunks, very few beggars and less bad manners than one meets where two or three English motorists are gathered together. I have seen the traffic of Barcelona functioning happily without traffic lights or policemen. The truth about atrocities is that while they were practised on both sides at first, they are now confined to the rebel side, Moors being less able to see their obvious disadvantages than intelligent workmen, and, perhaps, more temperamentally inclined to them. I have seen many closed and burnt churches, but chiefly in large towns where they were used in street fighting. I have heard of many being open in the Government Basque provinces just as I have heard of Catholic priests being shot in Navarre and the Basque provinces by the rebels, and Protestant ones in Seville. In general, I imagine that priests who have indulged in actual fighting do not fare very well on either side—though the Government do

not consider it necessary to have one to bless their shells (as was done to those about to be fired on Madrid by the priests in Vigo). As to being glad to get out—is one glad to leave a country where the most important action to the world since the battle of the Marne is still in progress, where all is intelligent creation and the discussion and execution of new ideas, the idealism and fellowship of people at war? Beyond Port Bou all is enthusiasm and fire; it is at Cerbère that one renews acquaintance with the servile look and the extended palm. One arrives back in England in time to take part in a witch hunt, observe the elders of the tribe conduct the tamasha, expel the guilty couple, make the country safe for mediocrity, humbug, cold feet and anaemia, and fall back, in foreign politics, into their accustomed ecstasy of hesitation—while the real values of civilisation are desperately defended in places they have never heard of, Carabanchel or the Sierra de Alcubierre, and by men they despise.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

A LONDON DIARY

THE psychology of the great British public has in some respects not changed very much in the last 100 years, as may be seen from the following extract from Macaulay's famous essay on Moore's *Byron*, written in 1831:

> We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces and family quarrels pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach libertines that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our own severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heartbroken. And our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more.

* * *

I think the outcry against the Archbishop's commination broadcast, which continues to rumble and grumble particularly, for some strange reason, among the most emancipated intellectuals, exaggerated. If the Church is not to be allowed to tell us of our sins, I don't know what function is left to it—except that of encouraging us to go on fighting in the next war. And if it is the King who happens to be the sinner, surely the appropriate parson to tell him so can only be the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is thus that I interpret the mind of Sir John Reith, and I think he has history and common sense on his side. Let me suggest to the intellectuals that they turn their attention for a moment from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Dean of Durham. The Dean has read a novel. This is so rare an event in his life—"I usually refrain," he says, "from doing so, because in a real world which provides so many reasons for depression, I see no reason for depressing myself further"—that he has written an article about it in the *Daily Telegraph*, entitled: "Weakness of the Modern Novel. Disregarding Moral Values. 'Problems' Shirked." The novel, which appears to have been written by a woman, distressed the Dean; it was "brilliantly written," but "its characters display a complete disregard for all the normal rules of morality." The explanation seems to be that "perhaps few lady novelists attend church." I gave the article to a lady novelist of my acquaintance, hoping that it would distract her attention from the Archbishop. It did. After reading it, she remarked: "It is perfectly true"; and, when I asked her what she meant, she said: "It is perfectly true that few lady novelists attend church. And the reason why they don't," she added, "is that in a real world which provides so many reasons for depression, they see no reason for depressing themselves further." In her opinion it is just as necessary for the Dean to interest and inspire novelists as for novelists to interest and inspire the Dean. The modern sermon, she said, was not only not brilliantly written, but displayed a complete disregard for all the normal rules of morality. That had not always been the case, and when a Donne, a Swift, a Butler, or a Jeremy Taylor could be numbered among the Deans or Bishops, lady novelists, no doubt, went to church. She is now writing an article entitled: "Weakness of the Modern Church. Disregarding Moral Values. 'Problems' Shirked."

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I met a friend of mine the other day somewhere in the neighbourhood of Bond Street. He had been to a picture gallery and he looked slightly ruffled. As we walked, he laid his grievance before me. He is a busy man; he seldom has time to go to picture galleries; yet, since he likes pictures in an amateurish way, he does his best to visit the galleries. No sooner, he explained, does he settle down to look at a picture—and a picture, after all, requires to be looked at—than some gentleman connected with the gallery comes up to him and enters into conversation. No doubt the gentleman in question is animated by the best and kindest of motives; his conversation in any other place would be delightful. But a picture gallery, he explained, is not that place. Neither Sir Thomas Beecham, nor the gentleman who opens the piano, nor the gentleman who shows you to your seat thinks it necessary to interrupt you with conversation when you are listening to the music in Queen's Hall. Neither the publisher nor the bookseller insists upon talking to you when you are reading a book. Why then should it be considered that the act of looking at a picture requires the accompaniment of talk? Torn between the desire not to appear churlish and the desire to look at the pictures, he had left the gallery without enjoying the conversation or seeing the works of art.

* * *

One understands why André Gide's little book, *Retour de l'U.R.S.S.*, has enraged the True Believers. Gide arrived in Leningrad, an enthusiast for Communism and Soviet Russia, just in time to pronounce a funeral oration over the body of Gorky. Then he set out to enjoy life in the Socialist Soviet Republic. The original enthusiasm did not completely survive the experience and in his book—in many ways a brave, honest little book—he does not hesitate to say so. That, of course, is a criminal, i.e. a bourgeois, offence in the eyes of every True Believer. Politics are in 1936 what religion was in 1536 or 1636; your mind must think and your eyes see either all white or all black (or should it be all red?) if you are to be reckoned as of the true faith; less than an iota in one word in the Marxian or Hitlerian creed may make all the difference between your salvation and damnation. By the standards of twenty-five years ago Gide's book gives high praise to what he found praiseworthy in Russia, and they are precisely those things which the Socialist has always held to be obtainable only in a Socialist society. His criticism is directed solely against the fanatical intolerance which makes any divergence in thought or belief from the authorised version a crime and is imposing upon the people, from the Communist artist to the little boy in the train, a machine-made mind. The True Believer has already, as I said, cast Gide out and damned him as a mere bourgeois and Liberal. But True Believers have always been wrong and they are being wrong again. There is nothing in Socialism or Communism which requires that a Socialist state should turn itself into a Church, complete with Pope and Inquisition, or that the public ownership of the means of production should be extended to the public ownership of thought. I suppose it will take the Communist as long to learn this as it took the Christian to learn that there is nothing in Christianity which requires a Christian to burn heretics.

* * *

The burning of heretics reminds me of another book or rather pamphlet on Russia which has recently been published,

The Witchcraft Trial in Moscow, by Friedrich Adler (Labour Publications Department, 3*d*.). Adler is a very remarkable man, and something of the strange, passionate personality which one feels in his presence and conversation comes through into his pamphlet. He can speak with some authority about terrorist trials, for twenty years ago he was condemned to death by the Special Tribunal in Vienna for shooting the Austrian Premier Stürgkh. He writes the pamphlet now as Secretary of the Labour and Socialist International, explaining why the International protested against the trial of Zinoviev, Kamenev, and the fourteen other persons accused of terrorism. In the course of his explanation he makes a suggestion which, I think, throws light upon much which has puzzled me in that trial, in the political psychology of Russia and many of the other countries of Europe. The amazing thing in that trial, and indeed in the other Russian mass trials, was the confessions. Even if every one of them were guilty, you would not expect sixteen men of the calibre of those accused to confess in the horrible, abject terms used by them. And what is one to say when, as this pamphlet shows, some of the confessions were themselves demonstrably false, i.e. the accused confessed to doing something which he could not possibly have done? (The classic instance is the confession of Holtzman that he met Sedov and Trotzky in the Hôtel Bristol in Copenhagen in 1932, whereas that hotel ceased to exist after 1917 and Sedov Trotzky has never been in Copenhagen in his life.)

* * *

The obvious explanation, which has of course been offered, is torture. It would be inadequate, even if there were any evidence—and there is none—that the accused in these mass trials are tortured. Alder is, I think, on the right track when he compares these trials to the witchcraft trials of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the fifteenth century there began in Europe an epidemic of prosecutions for witchcraft which lasted for over 200 years and which resulted in the condemnation and execution of thousands of human beings. Those human beings were, as we now know, completely innocent. And the baffling thing is that thousands of them were condemned on their own confessions. Some of them were tortured, but many of them, without torture and voluntarily, made the most detailed confessions of how they met the Devil himself in what answered to the Hotel Bristol in the Copenhagen of those days and plotted with him some terroristic act against his neighbour or her neighbour's cow or child. The heresy hunters and witch burners of those days were fanatically convinced that they held in their hands the keys to religious salvation or religious damnation; they were the depositaries of absolute truth; they were fighting for God against the Devil. So powerful was this communal delusion that they could induce even in their victims the hallucination of guilt and genuine confessions of imaginary crimes. To-day Europe has reverted to the same psychology, except that the heresy hunting, the absolute truths, the salvation and damnation are political instead of religious. The witch hunter's God has become Stalin or Hitler, his Devil Trotzky or a Communist. Hence the mass trials in Russia and Germany, and hence the pathological psychology of the confessions. After all, when the Cardinals of the Holy Office burnt Giordano Bruno in Rome, and Calvin's Church burnt Servetus in Geneva, and all the Churches were burning witches all over Europe, they succeeded in getting Galileo to confess without torture that "I have not held and do not hold as true the opinion which has been condemned, of the motion of the earth and the stability of the sun." So we need not be much surprised when we find people confessing that they met the Devil in a non-existent hotel in Copenhagen in 1936.

* * *

I can recommend another curious publication to any who want to study another side of the psychology of the ruling classes in Russia. It is an article on the family in Soviet Russia by Krilenko, the Commissar of Justice, and it appeared in the September issue of the *Bolshevik*. A translation of it is about to appear in the *Political Quarterly*. The Commissar of Justice is a True Believer and a good Bolshevik. His article belongs to the patristic literature of the Soviet Church or perhaps one should say to the Marxian Talmud. It explains how recent legislation in Russia is developing a new conception of the family and of morality which, of course, is entirely unlike anything which has ever been known in bourgeois society. Abortion is now prohibited; sodomy becomes a criminal offence; financial assistance is given to women in childbirth; the "protection and strengthening of the family" is encouraged by "regulations which protect the legally registered family and enable parents to defend their rights before the Courts more easily when their marriage is registered than when it is unregistered"; "the light view of sexual intercourse, flighty Don Juans, and priestesses of free love will not be encouraged in the new society." The language of all this may be Marxian, but to the Englishman there is something strangely familiar in it. Socialist principles are leading the rulers of the Soviet Republic to the moral code and the laws regarding the family and sexual intercourse which were characteristic of the most bourgeois period in history, Victorian England.

LEONARD WOOLF

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. G. R. C. Davis.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

People laugh at the Public School Spirit sometimes, and when they do you know at once the sort of bounders they are, so let us forget them.—Dion Clayton Calthrop in *Men Only*.

Of real educational value, each section incorporates No-man's-land with Mine Crater, Shell Holes, Wire Entanglements, Front-line Trench with concealed Nest for Machine Gun; also Firing Steps, Communication Trenches and Supporting Trenches, Gun Emplacements and Bomb-proof Shelter.—Advt. for child's Christmas toy.

We all share the Archbishop's regret that Edward VIII insists on marrying the woman with whom he happened to fall in love.—Letter in *Sunday Referee*.

The moderates in the Soviet Government hope that the captains of Soviet ships which have been sent into the Mediterranean will use discretion and not bring about unprovoked attacks from the insurgent warships.—*Daily Express*.

On Saturday the programmes returned to normal, but a typical B.B.C. action was to "vet" the dance music titles lest any of these be construed as having any bearing on the crisis . . . From Ambrose's late-night broadcast on Saturday, for instance, the following numbers were struck out by B.B.C. orders: *No Regrets*, *Crazy With Love*, *I Don't Want to Get Hot*, and *We Go Well Together*. A general ban was also imposed on the number, *Front-Page News*.—*The Melody Maker*.

When an emergency, such as last week's, brings out the best British characteristics, the rest of the world realises why Great Britain has a right to the first half of its name.—*News Review*.

To me Thursday evening has always been pale pink with a faint green stripe growing broader towards nine o'clock. I am sure all your readers will be thrilled to know this.—Letter in *The Radio Times*.

THE STORY OF A MANDATE

THOSE who know their "R.L.S." well also know their Samoa, but it is possible that even they failed to appreciate the significance of the recent announcement that the Government of New Zealand had sent a Goodwill Delegation to the Mandated Territory of Western Samoa to make peaceful treaty with the natives there. This ignorance, or lack of interest, is excusable, for the Samoan problem, after all, is a very small one in a world bristling with problems; but it is also regrettable. The history of Stevenson's "little group of

islands," the second largest unit of the Polynesian people, traverses in miniature all the vicissitudes of colonial administration. And it contains some useful examples for those who debate the merits and demerits of the mandates system.

The early history of Samoa differs little from that of other Pacific groups, and may be traced through the initial discovery and exploration by eighteenth-century navigators, by way of the zealous efforts of early nineteenth-century representatives of the London Missionary Society, to the final discovery and occupation of mid-nineteenth-century traders. Side by side with the peaceful penetration of Europeans, however, constant and sanguinary conflict took place in the islands among native political factions, whose highly developed polity, based upon ceremonial observance, oratory, etiquette, and the prestige of chieftainship, is still one of the stumbling-blocks of European administration.

Thus the three powers primarily interested, Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, were glad at the close of the century to avail themselves of the excuse of this internecine warfare among the Samoans to abolish the kingship; and Great Britain, overburdened with responsibility in South Africa and elsewhere, cannily grasped the opportunity to transfer her rights in the western islands to Germany, and her eastern rights to the United States.

The German occupation of Western Samoa lasted fourteen moderately successful years; then New Zealand, anxious to do her bit in the European war, sent an expeditionary force to the islands, and upset the apple-cart again. Rewarded at the termination of hostilities with one of the brand-new League mandates, New Zealand embarked upon her little career of pro-consularship, a career that in many ways epitomises the whole history of European colonial administration.

New Zealanders are not Germans; neither are they all Rhodes scholars. They set about their new charge with the best of intentions, and their aim, within natural and economic limits, was all for the delight of the unfortunate inhabitants of their new dominion. They sent an administrator to Western Samoa, usually a gentleman learned in the arts of military warfare; they set up a Legislative Council with a minority of native members, a High Court, a health department, an education department; and they instituted a system of public finance, to pay for all this, that embodied all the familiar features of European fiscal policy, customs taxation, direct taxation, public debt, and so forth.

And it is understandable that they were pained to learn after the first year or two of their benevolent despotism that the Samoans, maugre all, were not content. Such great improvements in the social welfare of the benighted population had already been effected, in health, hygiene, education, and gross income, that it was difficult to believe they still agitated for more self-government, and actually threatened to withhold their payments of tax. But it was true. Puzzled legislators at home scratched their heads, sent out an administrator even more learned in the arts of military warfare, and turned to the urgent domestic matters for which they were directly responsible to loud-mouthed constituents.

This ostrich policy soon had its own reward. Outside Samoa the world plunged into a depression that cast its gloom even over small Pacific islands that relied for their livelihood upon constant exports of copra, cocoa-beans, and bananas; and inside Samoa groups of traders who thoroughly disapproved of the New Zealand Government's orthodox and restrictive fiscal policy joined with the very politically conscious natives in a movement to get rid of these things for once and for all.

The New Zealand Government had this in its favour. When it found that the natives, under the Mau, or Opinion movement, had downed tools, refused to pay taxes, and indulged in a little preliminary bloodshed just to show the stuff they were made of, the Dominion Government stretched out a firm hand—another gentleman learned in the arts—and suppressed everything within reach. A European scapegoat was appointed and banished to a New Zealand prison; certain ringleaders of the natives were punished, and soon Sir James Parr was able to report to the Mandates Commission at Geneva that "11 white and 36 native police were preserving order for 50,000 people," and in most other respects all was well.

But it is only too easy to say that sort of thing eleven thousand miles away from the seat of operations. When the new Labour Government of the Dominion took office one of its first acts was to appoint the Goodwill Delegation aforementioned, and at present this body is discussing with sixty high Samoan chiefs proposals so widespread and revolutionary, from the administrative point of view, that their acceptance by the Government and the natives would be a unique historical event. These include increased Samoan representation on the Council, social reforms, remission of taxation, and other measures sufficient to make a decent pro-consul turn in his grave.

Unfortunately nothing has been said so far about relieving the military profession of its responsibility and establishing a corps of public servants specially trained to Samoan conditions. But perhaps that will come. DONALD COWIE

PEACE, PROGRESS AND MESOPOTAMIA

ARE not we Left-Wing fliers in some danger of travelling in a circle? Our compass points are not marked with the clarity of those by which the mariner is guided on his course. For North and South, East and West, we find such vague indications as Progress and Peace, Conservation and Revolution, Totalitarianism and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat.

Would I co-operate in the formation of a new Peace Society? asked an enthusiastic young neighbour the other day. "I'm all for it," I replied. "But isn't everybody in favour of peace—Bertrand Russell, Winston Churchill, even Lord Lloyd, everybody? What line are you taking? That's what people are so divided about. What's your programme: individual or collective non-resistance, or the national or international building-up of overwhelmingly large armed forces to terrify potential law-breaking, or what? There are serious-minded and intelligent backers for each of these; which are you going for?"

Faced with this direct question, my neighbour answered that too great definition as to methods would inevitably alienate many possible supporters, and thus limit membership. And there, so far as I was concerned, the matter ended. The danger, or, at any rate, the futility, of woolly propaganda of this kind must surely be obvious.

A lot of us, anxious to get a move on, are hoping to see organised a temporary union of "Left-minded" individuals, differing as to ultimate aims, but travelling in the same direction for the first part of the journey. Yet, if we are not careful, our Popular Front movement, for want of definiteness and some clear signposts, will once again lead us around in a circle—nominally travelling "Left" all the while.

Few of us can be satisfied with the measure of practical success achieved by the persistent Socialist propaganda of the last fifty years. A good many of the words and phrases employed by Socialist apostles have become common in the speeches of politicians of all parties and in the conversation of the street and of the luncheon table. All of us are for "Progress," just as we are all for "Peace." But the wageless in this country total millions, and have totalled millions every week for many years past—popularly elected Governments of all complexions having been in office during that time. These "blessed words," these vague generalisations, serve as cloaks for reality, dulling the impact on the sensitive mind of hard and disturbing facts; as well as blinding us to the nature and potentialities of individual men and women. Mr. Aldous Huxley reminded us the other day of the sinister effect on our minds and imaginations of the verbiage commonly employed by military technicians and writers. "They write admiringly of those military geniuses who know 'when to strike at the enemy's line'; when to 'turn his flank'; when to 'execute

an enveloping movement.' As though they were engineers discussing the strength of materials and the distribution of stresses, they talk of abstract entities called 'man-power' and 'fire-power.' They sum up the long-drawn sufferings and atrocities of trench warfare in the phrase 'a war of attrition,' assimilating the massacre and mangling of human beings to the delicate polishing of a telescopic lens."

I myself doubt if real human sympathy exists except for individuals, known or imagined. There is danger in allowing ourselves habitually and almost unconsciously to think in generalities—to drug ourselves with such terms as "the community," "the Constitution," even "the proletariat" and "the bourgeoisie," forgetting all about the Herbert Rackleighs and the Hannah Dibbles, and all the other individual men and women who are born, fall in love, and die. After all, was it not spontaneous sympathy with actual people such as these that first brought you and me into the ranks of Socialism?

I hope that most of us who call ourselves Socialists do so because we are real individualists, and in the true sense democrats. But democracy has itself become one of the almost meaningless terms of current political jargon. Surely belief in democracy implies a recognition of the mystic or religious truth that everyone has an equal right to live and to express himself. In so far as our "self expression" unduly limits the equal rights of others we must, of course, restrain ourselves or be restrained. But no counterfeit of democracy is worth fighting for or defending which does not afford to all such equality of rights. As Lady Rhondda, in a recent statement of her political faith, put it: "In no country where there are gross inequalities of educational opportunities, of income, of social prestige, is there anything approaching equal rights. . . . We in this country are as yet only in form, and not in the least in fact, a democracy." Like so much of our money, our democratic system exists chiefly on paper. A limited benevolence and momentary "sympathy" are almost general among us—nearly as much among the rich as among the poor, nearly as much in "Right" circles as in Poplar or Bloomsbury. But that respect for the individual man and woman that lies at the base of the true democracy for preaching which Jesus was executed is still rare.

Hereabouts lies the real significance of the incidents which lately have loomed so large in the leading articles of our newspapers, the speeches of our political leaders, and the sermons and broadcasts of our bishops and archbishops. I am not unique in having no use for kings; but, so long as they are regarded in this country as serving a useful function, I, as a democrat, feel strongly that they, as civil servants, are entitled to the rights which all other citizens to-day regard as their inalienable possession. It is hard, in these days, to formulate a purely intellectual defence of kingship. There is, however, a plausible case to be made out for a so-called constitutional monarchy, such as we have. Moreover, a man chosen not by his fellow citizens but by biologic fortuity may well, like the Unknown Warrior, be taken to represent or symbolise the people of a nation or an empire. A waxen image might serve, but it would be less effective, less representative. We have decided to adopt a live man or woman as our sovereign symbol. One would have thought that, having made this choice, we should wish that sovereign to manifest the characteristic activities and impulses of life—especially those impulses and activities which we human beings pride ourselves as peculiarly possessing.

I have found it difficult these last weeks to believe my eyes as I have read the "democratic" newspapers and the reports of the speeches of those claiming to represent the views of a "democratic" community. Two of the few rights which any British citizen is supposed to be free to assert are that of marrying the woman of his choice, subject to her consent; and that of inviting to his house the friends that he and his housemate find most congenial. One would have thought that both the official Christian Church and the representatives of idealistic politics would urge the superiority of love to expediency as affording a suitable basis for marriage. Yet the decision of Edward VIII to marry the woman he loves was described by our leading newspaper as "proof of obstinacy rather than of strength," whilst the semi-official organ of the Labour Party spoke indignantly of "the marriage which the King desires irrespective of what different individuals may think of it" as "politically impossible." Elsewhere this great democratic organ complacently laid it down that "the King must take his Ministers' advice. He must therefore choose between his marriage and his throne." A very different view seems to be taken in other countries. In the United States, the Washington correspondent of the *Morning Post* tells us, "democracy is considered more as an attitude of mind and a method of behaviour than as a form of government. Some actions and beliefs are democratic; others are not. The word is almost a synonym for 'broadminded and tolerant.' The antonym is 'intolerant and snobbish.' King Edward is felt in the United States to have been thoroughly democratic in all his words and acts in this sense. The forces of inertia, complacency, bigotry and mediocrity are felt to have ranged themselves in alarm against him."

The organised propaganda throughout the Empire has, however, done its work. There is no doubt that *at the moment*, but I am inclined to think only at the moment, the overwhelming majority of English-speaking Britishers are behind Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Attlee, the *Times* and (until his Sunday broadcast) the Archbishop of Canterbury. In the *Times* of December 9th I read that "Labour members, and particularly those who sit for northern constituencies, are convinced that their supporters will not tolerate any form of marriage between the King and Mrs. Simpson, whatever the consequences may be." This story of the successful campaign of the defenders of the mysterious "British Constitution" (what is it, by the way? Americans are always asking) would seem to tell against my theory of the hindrance to effective propaganda afforded by our use of *clichés*, political jargon and traditional "blessed words." In fact, it does nothing of the kind. "Blessed words" are weapons apt and effective for the defence of ancient rubbish heaps; they are essentially sedatives, hypnotics or conscience-quieteners. The only useful weapon of innovators is truth, expressed with emotional honesty and in language immediately understood of the people whose ideals it is wished to heighten and whose enthusiasm it is wished to provoke.

HARRY ROBERTS

IS IT NOT TIME?

"I REALISE," said Mr. Runciman, "that there is an amount of latitude in language granted to bargees which is not granted to others." If I had been a bargee, I should have been pleased on reading that. I should have said to myself: "Evidently bargees are popular, since in their choice of language they are given most-favoured-nation treatment." And, even if I did not wish to use bad language myself, I should like to be granted the liberty to use it. Not so the bargees, if we may judge from a letter written by an ex-bargee to a great newspaper. His letter began: "Is it not time that . . ." and went on to say that bargees were utterly sick of being regarded as star performers in bad language and that the campaign of vilifying as respectable and pure-lipped a body of men as ever breathed on water must stop. One gathered that the conversation of bargees was invariably carried on in language that would not have brought a blush to the cheek of the little cottage girl in "We are Seven." Men with healthy minds in healthy bodies, they are sticklers for the purity of the King's English, and not even the most clean-lipped curate has the right to throw a stone at them.

I confess that I have never heard a bargee swearing. I have simply taken for granted that contact with water in almost any form leads to the use of bad language. It has always been regarded as impossible even to sell fish without using bad language. Think what a reputation Billingsgate has, merely because it has associations with the sea. One of the most cherished convictions of the ordinary man is that in

order to qualify as a fishwife a woman must have on the tip of her tongue words that the ordinary man would not use even in delirium. Here, again, I will make a confession: I have again and again stood close to women who were selling fish, and never have I heard one of them swear. If you ask them the price of turbot, they reply in language that would not disgrace the lips of a Sunday-school mistress. Can it be that next to bargees fishwives are really the most respectable and chaste-lipped of the world's workers? Have we been all these years lazily perpetuating a libel on some of the noblest representatives of womanly womanliness this sea-girt isle has known?

It is difficult to say. I cannot lightly give up my theory that there is some essential connection between bad language and water or the denizens of water. What, for example, about admirals? Are they, too, like bargees, impeccable of speech? Even Gilbert, who was a Conservative, did not go so far as to say that. The only evidence that we have had on the matter in recent years came out in a sensational Naval scandal, in the course of which an admiral was alleged to have addressed a subordinate in words which could be represented in the press only as —— and ——. For weeks all England was asking all England what exactly the admiral said when he said ——. Was it —— or ——? I said I thought it was ——, basing my opinion on the feeling that, if it had been only ——, the papers would have printed the word in full. I forget whether the identity of the missing word was finally established or not. But I remember that we were all agreed at the time that, whatever the shortcomings of the Navy might be, at least it was not mealy-mouthed.

But we do not need to go to the Navy in order to find evidence of the close relationship between strong language and water. We need only open Boswell's *Johnson* to discover that the gently gliding Thames itself is the mother of ribald speech. However prim of speech on dry land, the Londoner of those days could not apparently go out a few yards on the water without acquiring a vocabulary of which on his return to land he must have been heartily ashamed. "It is well known," says Boswell, "that there was formerly a rude custom for those who were sailing upon the Thames to accost each other, as they passed, in the most abusive language they could invent, generally, however, with as much satirical humour as they were capable of producing." You will remember how Johnson himself was affected by the aqueous atmosphere when he went on the river. "Johnson," says Boswell, "was once eminently successful in this species of contest: a fellow having attacked him with some coarse raillery, Johnson answered him thus: 'Sir, your wife, under pretence of keeping a bawdy-house, is a receiver of stolen goods.'" That was pretty good for an elderly philosopher who, when on dry land, was such an enemy of strong language that he reproved a man severely for referring to someone as a "damned fool." Watery influences are difficult to resist. We see in the new edition of Boswell's *Tour* how the sea-air of the Hebrides excited Dr. Johnson to a grossness of speech of which he would have strongly disapproved in Gough Square.

Can we, then, believe that bargees, alone among the travellers by sea and by river, are immune from the linguistic influences of water? Mr. W. W. Jacobs certainly quotes very little bad language in the conversation of his river-goers, but he seems to me again and again to suggest that his characters are using the most horrible language. If he does not repeat it, it is because he is too good an artist to think that a verbatim report is a work of imaginative art.

The only thing that makes me doubt whether bargees are experts in violent language is the fact that nearly all the popular generalisations that I know about classes, trades and professions are, so far as my experience goes, wrong. Take, for example, that admirable phrase: "As drunk as a lord." How cheering it is to the heart of a true democrat! Immediately one thinks of Lord Salisbury, Lord Passfield and Lord Snell as members of a privileged night-club, wearing their coronets atilt at a prolonged bottle-party. Yet what an illusion this turns out to be when one visits the House of Lords during a debate! Here we find collected the soberest body of men—apart, perhaps, from bargees—in England. Not a bottle produced in the course of a whole sitting; not a single drunken interruption; not even a tipsy giggle. Truly, if I were a peer, I should feel tempted to write to the *Times* a letter beginning: "Is it not time that ——," protesting against the repetition of a cruel, if thoughtless, reflection on the behaviour of the aristocracy.

Is it not time, too, to protest against the continued use of "attorney" as a word of abuse? It is true that the word has not been so popular in an abusive sense since a Welsh attorney became "the man who won the war." But it is sure to be revived again as soon as another attorney proves himself too clever for his political opponents. In view of the certainty of this revival, I should like to ask why people go on consulting solicitors, if they are all crooks. It seems to me that peers, solicitors and bargees should all unite in a Society for the Protection of Respectable People from Proverbial Malignity.

Such a society would undoubtedly recruit many members from the Jesuits. For they, too, are proverbially represented as cunning, unscrupulous jugglers with words—worldly atheists in Christians' clothing. If you think of an unanswerable argument in the course of a debate, someone is sure to call you a Jesuit. For unanswerability in debate is regarded (by your opponents) as something devilish. Yet nearly all the Jesuits I have met have been charming, cultured, frank, good-natured men, much less given to controversy than the people who are always calling other people Jesuits.

Then there are plumbers and their mates. What calumnies have been spread about these useful members of the community, without whose constant services life in a modern city would be unbearable! I have often wondered at the patience of plumbers under an incessant fusillade of insults. They, too, should be large subscribers to the funds of the S.P.R.P.P.M.

Even some of the lower animals might well claim the protection of the society. For they, too, have been grossly maligned. They cannot speak for themselves, but the various societies of animal-lovers might speak for them. What right have we human beings to go on using such expressions as "drunken dog," "drunken swine," and "drinks like a fish"? We know perfectly well at the bottom of our hearts that the dog and the pig are models of abstinence, and that, whatever a fish is doing when it opens its mouth, it is not making away with the best part of a bottle of whisky. Yet we libel these creatures as heartlessly as we libel those highly intelligent creatures, the goose and the ass, which we choose to regard as embodiments of stupidity. Is it not time that all this mud-slinging at bargees, peers, and our dumb friends—too dumb, alas, even to engage, like Dr. Johnson, in ribald repartee—stopped? I for one am strongly in favour of overhauling proverbial expressions in the interest of truth and common decency. I do not, for a moment, believe that my hatter is mad, and I will allow no one to call him so. Let us have a truce to such libels—at least during the Christmas season. The things people say about other people and the lower animals are enough to make one swear like a trooper. Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE KING

SIR,—It is surely time that someone said a word in defence of my fellow-Glaswegian, the Archbishop of Canterbury. I did not hear His Grace's broadcast, but, apart from the tone in which it may have been delivered, what is there in it that the supporters of Mr. Baldwin can logically object to? It is, presumably, a serious matter for a king to abdicate or to be forced to abdicate, and, whether Edward VIII went willingly or was manoeuvred off the throne, it is to be presumed that grave principles were involved. All this the Baldwinites would, I assume, admit, but they will go

on to say that the less said the better. That may be so, but the Archbishop could not be expected to see it in that light, for he is a convert to Anglicanism and a Scot. As a convert, he must think that Anglicanism has a coherent body of moral doctrine and that, as Archbishop, it is his duty as the legal representative of that doctrine to give expression to it; as a Scot he doubtless thinks that two and two always make four, that truth is true on each day of the week and that it is never wrong to state the obvious and assert the axiomatic. From the Anglican point of view, King Edward, in proposing to marry Mrs. Spencer (as, of course, all consistent moralists must call the lady) proposed to commit a great sin and cause a great scandal. Against his doing so, the Christian English people rose in moral indignation, etc., etc. (*vide* press). But H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor proposes to commit the same sin and give great though less scandal. Was it enough to say let bygones be bygones? Any Englishman will say Yes, for he knows that there are certain truths better left unsaid. But the Archbishop of Canterbury is not an Englishman or one with the Anglican temper in his blood. Hence the broadcast. No doubt it is hard on the Church of England to have a Scot as Primate in such a crisis, but think how much worse it might have been; there might have been a Scots Prime Minister, a thought to give painful pause even to the editor of the *Newsletter*.

Just as his nationality led Dr. Lang into taking seriously the fiction that the Church of England is the national Church and England a Christian nation, so his nationality led Mr. Shaw into the mistaken belief that the English are a "loyal" people. Many years of reading and hearing lush talk of loyalty confused Mr. Shaw; it is possible, too, that noticing how loyal the English people really are to incompetent opera singers, unstable boxers and superannuated ingénues, he assumed that their "loyalty" to the King was the same kind of emotion. Obviously it is not. English loyalty does not mean the kind of devotion that the minority of the Irish party and people showed towards Parnell after the split or that most Liberals showed towards Mr. Gladstone in 1886, not to speak of the Jacobites after 1688 or the Guelph party in Hanover after 1866. English loyalty is much more like the loyalty of the average sagacious house cat. King George VI, if he is wise, will hum "I Love Little Pussy" every time he hears "God Save the King," the English people being little Pussy. The parties of the Left will also, it is to be hoped, insist on biting any loyal currency that the Conservatives try to put into circulation; the only risk will be of lead poisoning.

I suggest, also, that Mr. Ivor Brown's ancestry is leading him astray. If the English people were consistent, if their revolt against Edward VIII had really been the moral revolt dreamed of by Dr. Lang, there might be an opportunity for a tightening up of the public and private morals of the country. But it is my guess that more people were offended at the idea of an "insult" to Queen Mary than by the idea of an insult to God. In any case, the English people has had its orgy of moral fervour (if that is what it was); it will soon have a hangover, and having sacrificed a King in the good cause, its conscience will be satisfied. Indeed, it will be cricket to wink at lesser sinners after having punished the greatest one. Whatever the Archbishop of Canterbury may do, Englishmen will let sleeping dogs lie. There are the test matches, there is the Coronation; if Mr. Baldwin is lucky there may be a nice sexy murder like the Landru affair that distracted French attention from the Treaty of Versailles. My guess is that we will hear no more of the great moral issues involved and, indeed, little more of the episode itself, until the press has willingly to record the opening of her first bazaar by H.R.H. the Duchess of Windsor.

D. W. BROGAN

Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

SIR,—It may surprise your correspondent, Mr. Ivor Brown, to learn that there are actually clergy who read THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. As one who delights in the comparison between the "grandmotherly" attitude of the *Times* and the equally benign superiority of your admirable paper I feel impelled to protest against the preposterous misconceptions of the contemporary mind of the Church which are so lamentably evident in Mr. Brown's letter on the King's abdication.

Mr. Brown uses the Archbishop's broadcast as a jumping-off ground for a general attack upon the Church's attitude to questions of social and political moment; and a fine tirade of scorn against what he supposes to be the universal colour of her members. He declares that the Church is "an appendage of the capitalist State." I hope this does not mean that he is so ignorant as to suppose that the Church of England is in receipt of any kind of State aid, or that her pulpits are inspired from Downing Street. He goes on to say that she "dare not interfere with the major evils, war, poverty, etc." Has he ever heard of the Industrial Christian Fellowship? Has he ever read a word of the writings of such men as Maurice Reckitt, Demant, Peck in our own country, or Fanfani, Troelsch, or Neibuhr abroad, to name only a few Christian sociologists whose conclusions, whether Mr. Brown would agree with them or not, are certainly not reactionary?

How many of the "churchmen" of his own town or city are known personally to Mr. Brown? I think it would surprise him to know how many bishops, clergy, and laity, so far from bolstering up the forces of reaction, are deeply convinced that the present social order is in its final stage, and who are striving to prepare themselves and the Church for the moment when, in the break up of the present structure of society, men will turn in their despair to Christianity to point the way to the new reconstruction of our common life.

Mr. Brown makes the common mistake of those who have withdrawn their allegiance from the Church of supposing that that institution has stood still when others have advanced, and that all progressive thinkers, like himself, are necessarily without her walls. Let me assure him that this is not so.

N. F. HULBERT

St. Barnabas Vicarage, Daventry Road,
Knowle, Bristol, 4.

SIR,—The Archbishop of Canterbury's remarks are defended on the ground that the Church of England recognises no dissolution of the marriage-tie except by death. May I ask his supporters the following questions:

1. Did not the Church of England separate itself from the Western Church in order that its ministers might bless the adulterous union of Henry VIII with Anne Boleyn?

2. Did not the Church of England further solemnise Henry's "marriages" successively with Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr, both in the lifetime of Anne of Cleves, to whom he had been solemnly married and with whom he had lived in apparent good faith for three months?

3. Did not the Church of England solemnise the "marriage" of George IV, when Prince of Wales, to Princess Caroline, though it was known that he was already "married" to Mrs. Fitzherbert?

4. On what doctrinal grounds can his admittedly illegal marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert be considered sacramentally invalid?

ROGER MARVELL

SIR,—As one of those "suave Liberals" in the Church of England referred to by Mr. Ivor Brown, and also as a real admirer of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, may I suggest that there is something to be said for the Archbishop's recent broadcast on the Abdication, and that he does interpret correctly the feelings of the great mass of the people in this country and in the Dominions?

It is becoming fashionable to propound the sentimental notion that because Christianity believes in love and charity there can be nothing but approval for any course of action whatever. The New Testament does not for one moment support such an idea. Jesus Christ himself makes criticisms of many people, and St. Paul refers to "speaking the truth in love" (Eph. iv, 15), which the Archbishop was clearly trying to do. On the conflict between happiness and goodness Jesus Himself clearly shows that there need not be a conflict in every case, but that there may be conflict in some cases. His own action in acceptance of the Crucifixion, from which He could have escaped, shows His conviction that where obedience to what is held to be a supreme ethical good is involved, "private happiness" may have to be made subject to that supreme good. His teaching is quite consistent upon this demand. All that Mr. Brown really is saying is that he does not agree with the Christian teaching on this point, and therefore he holds a different scale of values from that of Christianity. But this is no new thing in history.

The Archbishop is right, too, in seeing the link between the Crown and the family ideals of the people. The main value of the Crown to-day is as a kind of symbol of the people as a whole. They expect to find in it a concentration of their own personal aspirations and ideals of life. It occupies a far more religious position in the country than political, and is both an example of and a check upon the personal relationships of the people. The people do not want the Crown on any other terms than this.

The separation of life into public and private departments is purely arbitrary from the Christian point of view. The same man lives by the same scale of ethical values wherever he is. There

are some who are able to be inconsistent in their ethical standards, but if a man has standards, whether they be Christian or otherwise, he must in sincerity try to make them work in any department. Where men occupy positions where their philosophy of life is inevitably exposed all the time in their personal relationships, as is the case with heads of schools, clergy, and to some extent doctors, the demarcation of life becomes impossible. Kings are in the same position to-day in England.

Finally, your reference to the Church of England as "founded on a divorce" is unjust and untrue. The Church existed in England before the Roman Mission of 597, and persisted in identity throughout the Reformation. "It was a new thing," wrote Prof. E. W. Watson, "to part from Rome; but the Royal supremacy now emphasised was as old as the English Kingship. . . . Neither Henry nor his subjects dreamed that a new Church was being established." (*The Church of England*, p. 120.) Later he writes, "A Church, or a nation in its religious aspect, does not lose its identity when it changes some of its views, any more than a philosopher or a politician" (p. 121). Mr. H. A. L. Fisher speaks of the King and Parliament "securing the independence of the English Church from Rome," not of a new Church being founded upon a divorce. (*History of Europe*, Vol. II, Ch. ix.) Parliament has been Reformed more than once. But it is Parliament still.

I wonder whether some of the old "odium theologicum" has not now descended upon those who are most hostile to Christianity. To denounce a man who stands for Christianity as a Pharisee is to become something of a Pharisee oneself. Mr. Ivor Brown should ask himself whether he does not possess something of the old bitterness of the Pharisees, and certainty that he, and he alone, is right and all others wrong. MARCUS KNIGHT

Kalendarhay, Exeter.

SIR,—The address of the Bishop of Bradford, which we are told acted like a lighted match in a cask of gunpowder, illustrates the atmosphere of unreality in which we live. The bishop says he hopes that King Edward feels the need of divine grace, and he wishes that he would give more positive proof of his awareness.

We may be quite sure that if King Edward had felt this need, and had believed that it could be obtained by prayer and sacrament, he would have acted accordingly. If he felt no such need, why should he act as if he did? It is evident that a sensitive and conscientious king is obliged to do many things repulsive to his feelings, but is it part of his royal duty to pray just in order to be seen of men? It is noticeable that in his pathetic and manly farewell address King Edward made no reference to the grace of God, nor did he describe himself in the announcement of his abdication as "defender of the faith."

I believe that those who occupy positions of importance could find no better way of serving their country than by showing the courage of their convictions, and throwing away all pretence in matters of religion. BASIL MARTIN

23 Chislehurst Avenue, North Finchley, N.12.

SCOTTISH ACCENTS

SIR,—The recent crisis has made one thing clear beyond a doubt, and that is that nearly all our national spokesmen are Scots. In the press, in the pulpit, over the air, the "voice of England" has expressed itself in the smug, censorious tones of Glasgow and Aberdeen. And the Englishmen I have come across have not been amused.

Although the English bishops made a poor enough show, at least they did not sink to the depths to which our Scottish Archbishop of Canterbury descended in his broadcast talk.

As for Sir John Reith, once again he has made his adopted country a laughing stock. One might have supposed from the announcer's funereal gloom, that instead of abdicating, our former King was being buried in Glasgow on a wet Sunday. The Scottish *claque* in the London press are now busy telling us what a great man their compatriot is, how he has made the B.B.C. the finest broadcasting service in the world, and so on. (Until Lloyd George spilled the beans, the same *claque* was busy serving out dope about the military genius of Haig.)

The truth about the Scots seems to be that, as a race, they have an unsurpassed genius for securing important jobs for which they are, as often as not, completely unfitted.

It is characteristic of the Archbishop's indifference to English sentiment and sense of decency that he has sponsored a scheme for destroying a beautiful house at Westminster, in order to clear a site for a memorial to King George V. As King George V indignantly intervened to prevent the Department of Crown Lands from demolishing Carlton House Terrace, it is permissible to guess what he might have thought about the Archbishop's action in regard to 6 Old Palace Yard. Not content with decrying the Duke of Windsor, His Grace is now engaged in encouraging this act of vandalism to commemorate his father.

I have the greatest possible respect for the sterling qualities of the various races which inhabit Scotland, and many of my closest personal friends are Scottish. But as, by all accounts, the Scots have hopelessly mismanaged the government of their own country, and have failed to create there a civilised form of life, attractive either to themselves or others, I see no reason why they should be allowed any longer to misgovern England. For this reason, I, like other Englishmen, am an ardent supporter of the Scottish Nationalist Movement, which I hope will quickly achieve all its aims. DOUGLAS GOLDRING

48 Tregunter Road, S.W.10.

SIR,—I am amazed at "Critic's" beliefs as to the attitude of the "provinces" towards King Edward. He declares "Scotland was solidly against" the marriage. I live in a representative Lowland village, and the opinion here was almost without exception in favour of the King. In Edinburgh and Glasgow I should imagine that the division was much as in London: it veered in wobbly fashion under the press campaign to an attitude of "supposing a morganatic marriage to be impossible." Aberdeen was perhaps predominantly opposed: but there were special reasons for this. I am certain that a morganatic marriage would have required less of the sickly blare of publicity that has been resorted to in order to convince us here that "the right thing" has happened. (I think the B.B.C. and the press might take warning from the *Queen Mary* "flop" and appreciate that propaganda can be overdone.)

It must not be forgotten that divorce has not in Scotland the same stigma as it has in England. I may add that the Archbishop's address caused much resentment among his compatriots.

I have no knowledge of the feelings in Wales and Northern England, but I should be surprised if "Critic's" estimates are sound.

The great curse of our country to-day is that even enlightened Londoners rarely have the foggiest notion of what is going on in the rest of Britain; and we, of course, are governed—or otherwise—from London. SCOT

MILK AND THE PUBLIC

SIR,—When I read your admirable article on "Milk and the Public" in your issue of December 5th, I was hopeful that it was the beginning of a long-overdue campaign—which the whole of the press ought rightly to support—to bring about a drastic overhaul of the methods of the Milk Marketing Board and the grave injustice and injury it is inflicting upon the vast majority of the children of this country.

An organisation which permits of enormous quantities of milk being disposed of for manufacturing purposes at 6*d*. or 5*d*. or even less per gallon, and of unceasing and most costly advertising efforts to dispose of the remainder at a price (two shillings and fourpence a gallon) prohibitive to the great majority of men, women and children, must be radically at fault somewhere. You rightly describe it as a "Bedlamite policy," "a scandalous absurdity," and it is time the whole of the people of this country united in steps to put an end to it.

The sole aim of the Milk Marketing Board seems to be to induce those who are now able to take an ample supply to take still more. What other section of the public has the Board sought to influence in their *four-page* advertisement in your issue of December 12th? To make milk available where it is most sadly needed and where it could be of vital benefit to the youth of the nation seems to be considered wholly outside the province of the Milk Board.

It is, I believe, beyond dispute that few children get anything approaching an adequate supply of milk during those most vital years of growth between birth and school age. Even during the years of school attendance in such schools as provide a supply at moderate cost it merely amounts to one-third or one-half a pint per day, five days a week for about 35 weeks in a year. During the remaining 190 to 200 days of each year of their body and brain forming even that small quantity is not available for them. The Board's advertisement in your columns states "The minimum quantity of milk required for physical health and fitness is one pint

per day for every man, woman and child"! So that even during the school days the children are allowed only one-half "the minimum quantity" at a cost of one shilling or more per gallon whilst the Board in its wisdom calmly withholds what it states to be indispensable to a child's welfare and disposes of it to manufacturers at less than 6*d*.!

J. KNEWSTUB

190 Priory Road, Hastings.

POLICY IN ADVERTISING

SIR,—Recently you published a letter from Messrs. Secker and Warburg concerning the manner in which an advertisement of Mr. Langdon Davies' book on Spain was refused by the *Observer*, on the grounds that the "copy" was too "Left" in character.

Our organisation has just had an advertisement for the text of the Soviet Constitution, with forewords by Mr. Sidney Webb, Professor Laski, Professor Gilbert Murray, Sir Bernard Pares, etc., refused by *John o' London's Weekly*, although the advertising director of the firm stated that the "copy" was unexceptionable. Our representative was merely told that "we don't want to advertise things like this."

This is all the more curious as the journal in question was, at the time, running a series of articles on the Constitution, quite favourable in tone. When this anomalous fact was pointed out, the advertising director replied: "These articles are contributed by a correspondent and we don't take responsibility for the opinions expressed."

Surely this is a new principle in advertising—that a paper which exercises no censorship of its literary columns should exercise a thorough one over advertising submitted to it.

S. BORROW,
Secretary

Friends of the Soviet Union,
Little James Street, London, W.C.1.

THE INTERNATIONAL COLUMN

SIR,—May we draw your readers' attention to a first-rate opportunity of cheering on those heroic men of the International Column, who are defending Madrid so stoutly against international Fascism?

Food they need, of course, and medical equipment. But who can estimate the immense encouragement they will derive from personal greetings and good wishes from their friends and supporters here?

The Artists International Association has produced a very strikingly designed card particularly for the International Column, which sells at 6*d*. and 3*d*. and can be obtained from all Left Bookshops. All the proceeds will go towards the Artists International Association's fund for medical aid for the International Column.

We urge your readers to get a bundle of them and persuade all their friends to send greetings. In this way, thousands of cards will go to Spain and another big demonstration will be made in support of Spain's marvellous fight for world democracy.

STAFFORD CRIPPS VICTOR GOLLANCZ
D. N. PRITT W. GALLAGHER

ADMIRAL BLIGH

SIR,—I read with interest your review of Admiral Bligh's Life, and regret that there was no reference to the last stages of his life. For Bligh, after a career not unassociated with mutiny, ended as Governor of New South Wales, where the "colonists" rebelled and removed him from his post. He proceeded to pledge his word as a British officer and a gentleman to sail straight for home, and broke it by sailing for Tasmania instead of England. F. M. Bladen (in *Historical Records of New South Wales*) says: "The pledge of honour of a British officer, and a gentleman, is one which Bligh's friends would rather have seen him hold sacred, at whatever cost."

It is difficult in the light of this lapse to think of Bligh either as a good officer or as high-minded. Courage is not enough without honour.

OLIVER LOCKER LAMPSON

TRAVEL IN WONDERLAND

SIR,—May I explain to "A Near Relation of the Mad Hatter," whose letter appeared in your issue of December 12th, how it is that a return ticket is sometimes cheaper than a single?

The latter is fixed by Parliamentary authority and cannot easily be altered. The return ticket comes under the heading of day or monthly excursions, and because it is an excursion is therefore much cheaper. The companies have little power over the price of a single ticket; concerning excursion tickets they have much greater liberty.

J. R. SAYERS

Duffield, Derbyshire.

MR. WAUGH AND ABYSSINIA

SIR,—I have vainly searched your last two issues for an explanation from Mr. Garnett of his language about me.

May I press the question? How do I show myself mean-minded, shifty or cowardly by openly and insistently supporting a highly unpopular cause, and how is it part of Mr. Garnett's duties as a literary critic to suggest that I do?

EVELYN WAUGH

[Mr. Garnett writes: "May I assure Mr. Waugh that I had no intention of suggesting any of these things? I meant that he supported the cause of the strong and the aggressive Power against the helpless and primitive. I meant no reflection of any kind on Mr. Waugh's character."—ED., *N.S. & N.*].

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

SIR,—In your issue of December 5th, apropos of *Sir Philip Sidney*, by C. Henry Warren, Mr. Desmond Hawkins writes: "Nothing is said of the time that Spenser lived at the Sidneys' home, Penshurst; . . . Mr. Warren can hardly be uninformed of what is in every potted biography of either poet. . . ."

One would have thought that "potted biography" was not the best source of information on questions like this. If your reviewer had looked up what Professor M. W. Wallace, in his atandard *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* (Cambridge, 1915) has to say on the subject, this is what he would have found:

> Our scanty stock of detailed information has been eked out by two statements, one or both of which have been very generally repeated by writers on the subject—statements which are calculated to enable the imagination to conjure up a picture of more intimate relations than we are warranted in affirming. The first of these is that Spenser was for a time Sidney's guest at Penshurst, the second that they were both members of a literary club in London called the Areopagus which also numbered Harvey, Edward Dyer, Fulke Greville, and others of Sidney's courtly friends among its members. *For neither statement have I been able to find any justification.*" (My italics.)

It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Warren was well advised to leave the story of Spenser's alleged stay at Penshurst out of his book.

R. W. ZANDVOORT

13 Irisplein, The Hague, Holland.

BEKENNTNIS

SIR,—May I correct a mistake that appeared in my letter published in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 12th. The last two sentences of the second paragraph should have been:

> The Christian religion, he said, laid too much emphasis on "Bekenntnis" (confession). The boys were taught the value of "Erkenntnis," a word which, I understood, he interpreted in some special sense of his own.

C. A. L. PRINS

Richmond, Surrey

Miscellany

THE CHIMNEY

IT took two men to make us warm for the winter: Cotty, the half-time postman who built us the new chimney and Barclay who cut down the trees and split the logs for its fire. I used to go to look at Barclay. He was a peasant dumb and damp, an old lank, flat-chested man who tipped forward on his toes as he walked, like a straddling ploughman and he had small pale-blue eyes, red at the rims. When I spoke to him he would hardly ever reply with his lips which indeed opened under his dropping moustache only to drink the cold tea and to eat the bread and cheese he brought down with him in his army knapsack every day, but his eyes would water and glisten as a hungry and watchful dog's eyes do when you speak to it. He wore a navy blue coat split at the tails and khaki breeches In the fog of the dripping wood he used to stand, legs wide apart, accurately measuring each log with a bit of hazel, cutting into lengths, splitting, stacking, lost in the cantankerous silence

of his craft. He was a widower, turned out of work for many months by a prosperous farmer nearby, and he lived alone, cooking his own meals, and, since there is not much work in the winter, I have no doubt he was often hungry. I used to think that years of hunger had frozen him. What can one do? There was a great gulf between Barclay and me and we used to look at each other like two animals who had never seen the like of the other before.

As it turned out, there was a link between us—the load of wood and the chimney. For the building of the chimney thawed Barclay and gave him new life. It is a sight no human being can resist, to see bricks laid, a plumb line swing, and gradually a new chimney climb up a house wall above the gutters, and then, one morning, when the job is done, smoke bubbling out of it for the first time into the sky. Barclay did not warm to Cotty at the beginning, watched him with the peasant's envy, scorn and mistrust; but as Cotty got higher on the scaffolding, he was irresistible, the conqueror and hero. There were signs that Barclay thought this in the end.

Cotty was one of those spare-time handymen who when asked to do a job, tell you they have never done *that* before, but that they don't mind having a go at it. From any other man this would have meant certain failure. From Cotty, the reply gave almost poetic visions of success. He was the perpetual amateur, the man whose delight is to do something he knows nothing about. Even his family was not the usual professional thing, but in the nature of a hobby, something made out of materials lying handy; for he had gone to three different orphanages and had adopted three different children, and his wife had been married before. Faced with the sudden task of building a chimney he went about it in a not dissimilar way. It would have been the same if we had asked him to build a scenic railway.

How different from Barclay he was! Cotty was a slim, dark-haired man in his forties, always getting on and off a bicycle with a grin and a clink of blakeys. He had a lean face whose eyes and nose were so sharp that we used to magine them coming in useful as an extra chisel and a pair of gimlets. He was always laughing and grinning and talking. He was an active rather than a genial creature, essentially mirthless, like all "the merry and brights" and as reliable as the time signal. If he stopped talking he whistled. I, who also have to work, got to know Cotty's whistle. He was the starling who never stops.

Like all handymen, Cotty loved a mess. It was the early winter and had been raining on and off for three weeks when he came up the lane to the house, dripping like a dog. The lane was deep in mud, and steep. "Cuh!" he said, looking at the lane. "Monkey puzzle getting a lorry up that." He was radiant. He saw lorries stuck fast, horses trying to heave them out, bricks sinking, mortar flowing away in streams. "Cuh!" he said, with delight.

Everything, he said, when the rain stopped, depended on the weather. Give him dry weather and the chimney would be up in a couple of days. The day he set to work it started to rain again and continued raining for 48 hours. "Cuh," he said, shaking the rain off his hat. Soon he had made the kind of mess he revelled in. Sand, barrels, scaffolding, bricks, mortar were everywhere and he in the midst like a singing bird. His trowel rang, his plumb line dangled, his buckets were kicked over, his shovel scraped. And as he worked he whistled.

Hymns were his first tunes. The wind moaned in the January trees and the rain sang in the gutters and poured off the brim of Cotty's hat and down his coat sleeves, but Moody and Sankey, Ancient and Modern in all their moods from the melancholy to the jubilant squealed like a slate pencil across the slaty weather. Barclay who was helping him, looked up in silence. Then Cotty went on to dance tunes, and after that there was a long phase of opera. When one thought that so much whistling would dry his mouth out he began to sing his way back over what he had whistled—opera, the dance songs and the hymns. The wireless had supplemented what the church denied. It was true that the words often escaped him or that some awkward corner would silence him for a few minutes, but he would fill up with a few tra-la-la's or de-de-de's and pick up the tune on the note where he had left it. And when after a few hours he had exhausted his repertoire he picked out his favourite bits again and when these failed, began to improvise. It has been noted that African tribes when they improvise are always topical and domestic, and it was the same with Cotty. "Oh, it's a lovely day, I don't think," sang Cotty, as he rose higher and higher on the scaffolding, and his trowel scraped and rang in the drenching rain. And continued:

> Oh it's a lovely day,
> We didn't want rain and it's raining,
> But still, it's a lovely day.
> You can't beat it.

Speechless, Barclay helped. He mixed the mortar, he rolled the barrels for the scaffolding poles, he shovelled in the earth and he carried in the bricks with his horny hands until the slim-fingered Cotty worked in the sky above. There was the old, dumb opposition of town and country between the two men and myself looking out of the window at them. Barclay, the man of one trade and that the most ancient in the world, had no place for this man who would build a chimney one day and a staircase the next. But when the chimney began to look like a chimney and Cotty began to drip from high above, Barclay slacked off. He leaned on his shovel and could be caught gazing at the wonder. It began to work on him. He set to again mixing and shovelling with the zeal of one assisting at a mystery. Then, once more he gazed upwards out of his little, watery blue eyes.

"Got that mortar?" called Cotty.

The dreamer was bestirred. But when he had to go down the lane with a barrow or in some way was obliged to leave the chimney, Barclay could not bear it. He would come slushing back in the wind as quickly as he could. I was struggling against Cotty's music, but Barclay—it was soon clear—had been seized by the great passions. He was envious of Cotty, he was jealous of him for being at the top of the ladder, he was beside himself with desire to get Cotty down and go up it himself. And sure enough, when Cotty did come down and went round the corner, up went Barclay. I saw him going up, rising like a breeched walrus on the rungs and, at the top, sniffing at the topmost bricks and looking with insatiable consideration at the hole.

"Tra la la, de de dede"—back came Cotty and saw Barclay in this unjustifiable position.

"What you doing up there?" called Cotty.

"Having a look," said Barclay.

"Come down," said Cotty.

Guiltily the old man stepped backwards down the rungs and shambled off. Up went Cotty and Barclay looked askance at him. Then Cotty came down again and Barclay, seeing his chance, went up again and got down before he was caught.

The old man spat scornfully into the grass and grumbled away, but if there was a chance, he was round and half way up the ladder and as down as quickly as a dog caught stealing, if Cotty came back too quick. Down Cotty, up Barclay. "Damn that old man," muttered Cotty, "he's always up my chimney." A duel began between the two men. And it did not end until the last brick was laid.

Frustrated in his insatiable desire to be on top of the ladder all the time, Barclay fell back upon the countryman's silent hope that something would go wrong. "He" was all right ("he" was the chimney), but was *he* true? Would *he* draw? Would *he* smoke?

"Get a bit of paper and a match," said Cotty, "and we'll try him." We all went inside and the lighted paper roared yellow in the stove. We looked at each other and Barclay's eyes watered.

"He's drawing all right," he said.

We clumped outside. It was raining still. The rain seemed to soak into Barclay as if he were an old field, but it

dripped off Cotty as though he were a town gutter. We looked up at the chimney. Out of the new red chimney-pot came the new blue smoke, its first smoke, mild, thin, baptismal.

Barclay nodded his head.

It was over. The days of drama passed. The scaffolding went, the barrels and the brick. The rain stopped. Cotty chirrupped about a bit. "I'd never laid a brick in my life before," he said. "Been up chimneys but never built one before." He looked at the other chimneys, thought they could be altered, pulled down, built up. He went up on the roof. You imagined when he was up there that this human starling was going to nest there. An odd time he came to look up at the chimney, but so rapid and active a man was he that it was already receding into his past.

"Cuh," he said. "Ju remember it? This is the weather we ought to have had. Frost."

"Who are you working for?" I asked.

"I'm on me own," he said. "I'm doing the thunder and lightning for the amateur theatricals. I rattle the tin sheet."

But Barclay went back to the wood. He wouldn't go at first, but hung around Cotty and then the ladder; when they were gone, he stayed within sight of the chimney. In the afternoon when the rubbish was burnt, he would, I think, come especially to see the thick smoke and see if there was a cup of tea going and if he could empty the sugar bowl into his pocket. He would come bent double under a sack load of wood, and stop on the hill-brow, staring at the chimney; then back again he would go into the fog, coughing like an old sheep.

V. S. PRITCHETT

VISIT TO WESTMINSTER

Two thirteenth century frescoes, I was told, had just been discovered in the south transept of the Abbey, and I was on the way to see them. For this sort of thing, if it is not done at once, is likely to be postponed for ever, and the Abbey would soon be closed to the public to prepare for the Imperial and ecclesiastical junketings.

Coming into Trafalgar Square I saw a crowd of some hundreds of people lining the south side and a little group clustering round the base of Nelson's column and the kindly human-faced lions which now so suitably symbolise our deferential nation. Troops and police blocked my way down Whitehall, and I had to wait and witness the Proclamation of the Coronation of George VI.

The guardsmen, the heralds, the coaches and the horses made a brave showing, more satisfying than the most glamorous Drury Lane can offer—so long as one did not approach too closely. Near me an old woman exclaimed, "Ooh! Aren't the costumes lovely?" "Yes," replied a younger woman by her side, "but just look at the faces."

What she meant was apparent. The stalwart bodies nobly upheld the finery of scarlet and glittering steel, but the minds, to judge by the sentry-box expressions on their faces, had been left in the barracks, or outside the recruiting office. Their eyes showed the utter, stolid impassivity of emptiness. They were so many bodies hired to fill the costumes, disciplined supers whose duty was to represent a past dying but not yet dead.

The onlookers seemed surprisingly unimpressed either by the pageantry or by the occasion. Around me there were deprecatory murmurs. "What an absurd fuss." "Fancy holding up the traffic for this." "Why can't they do it in the palace gardens, nobody else cares?"

Programme-sellers were finding business sticky, and the one I patronised seemed unduly grateful for my penny. I learnt that a gentleman called Russell, who at times like these is more grandly designated Lancaster Herald, was about to read the proclamation. His first few words squandered any impressive quality the show possessed. A complexity of Christian names was his undoing, and, as he stuttered, hesitated and repeated himself, we became slightly embarrassed by the whole proceeding. A subdued titter arose when Stanley Baldwin was referred to as a "trusty and well-beloved counsellor," but the mention of Ramsay Macdonald in the same capacity was found to be even more amusing. It seemed also rather an unbrotherly act on His Majesty's part to call the Archbishop a "well-beloved cousin."

Standing perilously on the coping high over the Northumberland Avenue arcade two workmen were enjoying a steeplejack's view of the ceremony. Just behind me an errand boy, straddled across a small iron pillar, was happily oblivious of his gaping trousers and withdrawn shirt: a group of girls noticed the circumstance and giggled self-consciously. For a moment Mr. Russell's monotonous message was drowned by the roar of an aeroplane, which passed overhead trailing an injunction to all of us to "read the truth in the *News Review*." The truth about what?

In the shadow of King Charles was a touch of shabby modernity. A paint-peeling van with loudspeakers amplifying the Lancaster Herald's voice so that even the pigeons on Nelson's cocked hat could hear the tidings of great joy.

When the reading was finished the Coldstream Guards played (superbly) *God Save the King*. Then some loyalist raised an uncertain cheer which wavered, was taken up half-heartedly by some six people out of all that assembly, died down to nothing, so that the performance ended as it had begun, with a general feeling of embarrassment. The procession moved along the Strand, the band re-entered the Mall and all was over.

Walking down Whitehall I passed groups of sightseers all pointing out different windows as the one where King Charles stepped out. I heard one woman say that she'd rather be taken to see the places where King Edward stepped out.

Entering the Abbey by the north transept I was confronted and dismayed by the most ill-assorted collection of statuary in Europe. Is there no money available with which to clear away the toga-clad politicians, the brevet-captains and the astonished-looking angels; to remove the atrocious glass in the north transept windows and replace it; to remove also the choir screen which ruins the view from the west door? But even if a donor were to offer funds for such a purpose the sentimentalists would probably object.

Against the wall of St. Faith's Chapel John Gay had been deposed from his pedestal and lay horizontally, wrapped in incongruous canvas. Above him were the frescoes, striking the eye with an unexpected brilliance. On the left was St. Thomas, empirically satisfying his incredulity by thrusting his hand into a bleeding gap in Christ's side, the two figures, vigorously executed, standing against a background of vivid red. The other picture, of St. Christopher carrying the infant Christ, was less startling in tone, but excellently preserved. Strong traces of colour had also been revealed on the arcade moulding, and the whole wall had suddenly become the most satisfying adjunct to the architectural splendour of the Abbey. The warm tones added a vitality lacking in the colourless interiors of most English cathedrals and abbeys.

I looked at the shamefully maltreated arcading and wondered how many lovely things had been hacked and destroyed to make place for comic monuments to nonentities. I wondered also where a place would be found for the effigy of Gay and another figure which had been taken down to allow an unobstructed view of the frescoes. A verger informed me that they were to be replaced in the same position. "What!" I said, "you mean you're going to put them up in front of the pictures?" "Yes," he replied, "but you'll be able to see them by putting your head in between the figures. Anyway, they're both hideous—monuments and pictures." So it seems that the Abbey authorities are intending to run true to the form of their predecessors in spoiling what they should cherish and preserve.

But they must be praised for the recent cleaning work by which they have transformed the south transept. Piers, vaulting and walls have taken on a new freshness without losing the patina of time; the Purbeck marble piers shine with an

unobtrusive gloss; the ornamentation and the superb angel above the triforium are at last easily visible from the nave level, while Chaucer's tomb has been transformed from a drab relic into a magnificent remembrance.

As I was about to leave I heard a choir singing by the west door, and I found that they were rehearsing part of the Coronation service. I remembered services I had attended at the Abbey for the sake of an anthem: the pitifully small congregation; the uninspired, glib repetitions of the clergyman performing his routine duty; the futility of the prayers. I remembered also the soaring splendour of our ancestors' churches dotted all over England. And I wondered if we should ever find a fitting use for these temples, if after the final passing of mythology we should discover a way of tapping the ecstasy trapped in this speaking stone.

GEOFFREY PARSONS

LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION

On returning to this precious stone set in a silver sea after vacation abroad.

SHALL I be dumb or die who speak the tongue,
of henry ainley and broadcasting house,
who often to myself have said
is this my own my native land,
this blessed plot, this happy band of brothers?

punch and the proms duggie and mr drage
(great men have been among us better none),
drinkwater warwick deeping mary webb,
mattins and marmalade and mountaineering
stratford, st. andrews, weston-super-mare,
devoted nannies, pewter, crazy paving,
lutyens and queen anne banks and tudor hostels,
h.d. greek plays upon proverbial lawns,
the testament of beauty john squire knt.
hey nonny nonny singers, edward german,
carl rosa doyley carte, lord hear my prayer,
elves, brownies, robin hood and all things folk.

england my england, land of soap and tory,
oxo, bile beans, harpic, sanatogen,
with all thy beauty spots I love thee still.

if I can keep my head when all about me
(henley thou shouldst be living at this hour)
are bloody and unbowed and april's here,
thank god for gardens, play the game (not cricket)
join the book guild and walk the barrett way,
england my england nought shall make me rue
(worn with a difference) baldwin is true blue,
god 's in his heaven guinness 's good for you.

GEORGE RYLANDS

BIRTHDAY

HERE'S the latest and goldenest billowing bellying cloud
passing over me,
Scattering a little more perfidious water on my face and
my hair,
Gay and corrosive drops, and then gliding away into a blue
distance;
Was it ever faint and man's-hand-like? Was it approaching? Was it once there?

Faster, faster they loom and swell and are gone glowing
onwards;
But ah, the away-fixed eye is held fast by the world's little
prance and preen;
There is no time to dwell as once lovingly on the enthralment
Of that charming, private, oh, very Dorian Gray transformation scene.
(Look, as the tough and brazen wick-grass prospers, there's
a new wrinkle
Joined to the happy band at the eye's corner; all my most
deep
Inhibitions have set a new glaze on the cheek-bones; those
sudden
Flares of rage, last September, have put a shadow on my
eyelid, soft as sleep;

And more to follow, padding along with lynx footsteps.)
No, no, Narcissus!
We are sorry, we regret to disturb, but the world is trumpeting clear and round;
Songs echo, leaves flame, other, smoother faces rosily beckon;
achtung!
The cloud has passed gleaming over, unimportant, anywhither golden-bound!

DERWENT

MUSIC AFTER CHRISTMAS

A WINTER opera season, arranged by Sir Thomas Beecham, begins at Covent Garden on Saturday, December 26th, with the production of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*, in which there will be much the same cast as appeared in the summer. This will be followed by *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, in Italian, conducted by Francesco Salfi, a well-known Neapolitan conductor. There will be new productions under the supervision of Sir Thomas Beecham of *Hansel and Gretel*, *Manon Lescaut* and *Die Fledermaus* (in English), with notable Italian singers in the cast of *Manon Lescaut*, which will be conducted by Mr. Constant Lambert who, I think, will be making his first appearance at Covent Garden on this occasion. In *Die Fledermaus*, and as Gretel in *Hansel and Gretel*, we shall have an opportunity of hearing the Viennese singer, Irene Eisinger, who made such a favourable impression as Despina in *Così fan Tutte* last year at Glyndebourne. In addition to these operas Strauss's *Salome* will be revived, with Hans Knappertsbusch from Munich as conductor. This season deserves the support of all opera lovers, and members of the Imperial League of Opera may obtain seats at a rebate of 10 per cent. by applying to the Secretary of the Imperial League of Opera at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

This season of opera will break the continuity of the Sunday afternoon orchestral concerts which Sir Thomas Beecham has been giving at Covent Garden with great success. They will be resumed, however, on January 24th, and if they maintain the level of the last few concerts they will deserve the serious attention of all music lovers. Those of the two Sundays before Christmas were both choral concerts, being devoted to Brahms' *Requiem* and Handel's *Messiah*. Both performances were excellent and the new choir which bears the name of The Royal Opera Choir, formed originally to provide a chorus for the opera performances at Covent Garden, is developing into a first-class body of singers. It is especially strong in its tenors, altos and basses, but the sopranos have not yet sufficient body of tone; this is an almost ideal foundation for a choir, since in most choirs the tenors and altos are permanently extinguished by the vocal mass of sopranos. The singing of the Royal Opera Choir is already distinguished by its clarity and precision, the enunciation is particularly good and the rhythm excellent. Sir Thomas Beecham is much to be congratulated on the rapid development of this truly excellent choir and on the splendid performance of both works. The performance of the Brahms *Requiem* bore comparison with the magnificent rendering of it by the Vienna State Opera chorus under Toscanini at Salzburg in August, and that was, in the opinion of all musicians who heard it, one of Toscanini's outstanding achievements. I should like to suggest to Sir Thomas Beecham, now that he has this excellent choir at his disposal, that when arranging the Sunday concerts for next season he should give us several of the choral works which we only rarely get a chance of hearing; for example, he might

give us one of Bruckner's Masses, the C minor Mass of Mozart, the Verdi and also the Berlioz *Requiem* and Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ*. The last-named work would be specially suitable, because the acoustics of Covent Garden are such as to give a particularly mellow quality to lyrical music while taking some of the edge and brilliance off more incisive and violent effects; so that, for example, the Brahms *Requiem* comes off relatively better than the *Messiah* and an overture like *Benvenuto Cellini* does not have there quite the dazzling effect that it has in the Queen's Hall. It is pleasant to be able to praise the soloists in these choral performances also. Mr. Heddle Nash is a tenor who has made a great advance during the past few years; his singing in the *Messiah*—in which he sang commendably without the score in his hands—had a beautiful line, excellent enunciation and delightful quality. The soprano, Ria Ginster, is an admirable artist, and both Miss Brunskill and Mr. Robert Easton sang well. Mr. Easton's high notes are not as good as the rest of his voice, which also lacks flexibility, but he has a feeling for dramatic colour and his singing was never perfunctory or insipid.

This is a convenient place to mention two other operatic enterprises. The Sadler's Wells company has distinguished itself by a really good production of *Die Meistersinger*, in English, under Mr. Warwick Braithwaite. In spite of the fact that the orchestra is on the small side for this work, the general effect was excellent and this production may be said to be one that does justice to the music and will give satisfaction to every lover of *Die Meistersinger*. The Christmas production in English of *Hansel and Gretel*, under Mr. Geoffrey Corbett, is also admirable, with a good all-round cast and a first-class witch in Miss Constance Willis.

Owing to the fact that already there has been a great demand for seats for the Mozart Festival at Glyndebourne, I shall give some particulars now of the performances which begin on May 19th, a week earlier than hitherto. The auditorium of the Glyndebourne opera-house has been enlarged to hold 400 instead of 300 and, in addition, a balcony has been erected to hold a further forty seats. Full particulars of the prices of seats and the rate of subscription for a series of performances can be obtained on application to the London office at 2-4 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. The direction will be in the hands of Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert as in previous years. The performances will consist of *Don Giovanni* (in Italian), *Die Zauberflöte* (in German), *Le Nozze di Figaro* (in Italian), *Cosi fan Tutte* (in Italian), and *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (in German). I have already written so much about these Glyndebourne productions that it is not necessary to add much more on this occasion. I should like to emphasise the fact, however, that this is a true festival, giving productions of a standard hardly ever obtainable in the best opera-houses in the world. It is expensive, but it is unique, and, for those who can afford it, it supplies the best and most complete revelation of the extraordinary masterpieces composed by one of the greatest geniuses the human race has ever known. I might add a word for those who will only be able, even with the utmost effort, to hear one of these performances. To such I would recommend that they choose either *Figaro* or *Cosi fan Tutte*. Both these, of course, are comic operas, but have that peculiar blend of the tragic and the comic which is so characteristic of Mozart. *Die Zauberflöte*, in spite of its comedy, is a work in a different style and contains some of Mozart's finest, most solemn and most human music. *Don Giovanni* is a work for experienced Mozart connoisseurs and should never be the first of Mozart's operas to be heard at Glyndebourne. *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* is the easiest and most charming work in the Glyndebourne repertory. It is a work for people who like opera but are not particularly musical; its music is the lightest and most accessible of all these works and will give great pleasure to those who wish to visit Glyndebourne and hear a Mozart opera but have not got the musical understanding and experience to grasp fully the profound and extraordinary character of, say, the music of *Cosi fan Tutte*.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Busman's Honeymoon," at the Comedy

If it's Thrums down for the German-Scotch production at His Majesty's, it's thumbs up for this English-Irish stage version of our old friend, Lord Peter Wimsey. The first act in all thrillers is bound to be expository and it is perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Dennis Arundell does not display charm enough to conceal the lack of incident in the scene, but once the crime has been discovered the play moves swiftly and dramatically to an extremely exciting reconstruction of a murder. The fact that the criminal had from the beginning shown himself by a highly suspicious movement is skilfully cloaked by a master of plausible red herrings and the deduction and psychological intuition of Lord Peter is treated with all the acuteness we have learned to expect from Miss Dorothy Sayers. Miss Veronica Turleigh, stepping into a rather unfamiliar sphere, shows that she is at home in it, despite an awkwardly written part in the first scene and at one moment recalled by an intelligent gesture that Harriet Vane had once been tried for her life. Mr. Dennis Arundell, as the play wore on, made one forget that he is not the ideal Lord Peter, and Miss Christine Silver by an extremely moving performance as an overwrought spinster—why the audience laughed at the brutal scene between her and her lover passes belief—almost wrecked the play. An enchantingly rich performance by an old friend in such types, Miss Nellie Bowman, was aided by the urbanity of Mr. Norman V. Norman's Bunter, and neat sketches were given by Messrs. Martin Lewis, David Hawthorne and John Glyn-Jones. A good evening's entertainment, perhaps better for those who don't know their Lord Peter, but still a good evening's entertainment.

"Confetti," at the Academy

This light Viennese film is a little less gay than it sounds—but it is certainly bright, festive and scattered, like confetti. The director throughout is as intent on making fun at all costs as the people who hurl confetti down one's neck at a carnival: and if you take it all in good part and are prepared to giggle at trifles, you find yourself enjoying his film. This is easy enough whenever those two admirable comedians, Leo Slezak and Hans Moser, are fidgeting and frowning in a quandary under the camera's piercing eye. They could get away with murder; so just indifferent comic material presents no difficulties for them. It so happens that the funniest scene in the film is played without their help, but this fast and farcical scene of false pretences carried on into absurdity soon gives way again to romance—the cloying romance of Austrian films which Fräulein Friedl Czepa (the Mitzi of *Episode*) now personifies even more fully than Paula Wessely, that prefectorial paragon of nice-young-womanhood. Fräulein Czepa is pretty except when she pouts, vivacious at all times, and blonde. The *jeunes premiers* who fall in love with her on the screen over a glass or two of champagne will all be glossy, plump-checked boys and dark. She's such an innocent darling on this one deliriously happy night-out of her life that the wicked wine of France will go to her nose. Fortunately, Hans Moser will be there to butt in, one way or another, and save both her and the film from the fire.

County School Shakespeare

The point of greatest interest in the production of *Julius Caesar*, the play with which the one-year old Raynes Park County School opened its dramatic career, lay in the treatment of the crowd scenes. Surging up the steps on each side of the stage, and rushing from the back of the hall through the centre gangway, the citizens made us feel from the first the importance which Shakespeare meant them to have in the play. Further, these forty-odd boys had a ferocity which was a far reach from the good-natured, hearty, slightly tipsy citizens with whom we are generally fobbed off. One felt here some approach to political fanaticism. Brutus and Cassius were well played because firmly realised, and if Antony seemed better than either it was because his speaking of poetry was superior. Brutus's scenes with Portia, with Lucius, and with the companions from whom he seeks the benison of death, were most moving, and when Antony addressed the crowd one felt and recognised his control. Casca did well with a small part. The costumes, designed by Mr. Claude Rogers, the school art master, were excellent, and the apron stage and capacious steps, built in the school workshop, made possible swift action and effective grouping. We look forward with interest to the school's production of *Hamlet* next year.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

PEACE on earth! Goodwill among men! Shall we find a clean patch of sand, on which no blood has dribbled, in which we can bury our ostrich heads over Christmas? Shall we vow to imitate the three monkeys and not see, or hear, or speak of evil? Not a thought for the bleak machine gun emplacements round Madrid, or the German Expeditionary Force (recruited from volunteers like the British Army), or the Russian airman rising early on Christmas morning to bomb the Moorish champions of catholicism, or the children venturing like starving rats out of the noisome cellars? There are things in our stockings, turkey and plum pudding all alight and crackers and paper hats and mottoes and whistles. So much sand for which we may be thankful. But the New Year is drawing near and we must face the bills that will be coming in: taxes and rates, rent, gas, electricity, and besides these necessary payments for the amenities of our daily lives, and for which we have received some value, there will be other accounts which the ostrich's sandbox has cost us. The accounts we have let run up, from slight beginnings at compound interest: Abyssinia. The bill for Abyssinia seemed high enough in lives and suffering, in that country. The price of our cowardice then is the present war, and what will be the cost of Spain? The truth about Abyssinia is clear and it is essential that we should learn the lesson. If we allow ourselves to be deceived about that infamy, if we forget, or hide from it, then the cost will be any hope of peace, except the peace that sprouts from forests of bayonets. It is extraordinary, when the most frightful abominations are being committed, how many parties there are interested in hushing them up. Marshal Badoglio writes a book, reviewed in the *Times*, in which he does not mention the use of poison gas. Why this coyness? Marshal Badoglio and his supporters cannot be *ashamed* of poisoning thousands of men and women, babies and old people, who had the misfortune to live in the track of his armies. No, indeed. It was not shame at killing that made them remove European witnesses by bombing the Red Cross systematically. Having broken one solemn International Convention they were ready to break them all. But the reason for the attempt to hush up the use of gas can be discovered from reading *Caesar in Abyssinia* by G. L. Steer (Hodder and Stoughton, 12*s.* 6*d.*), which is much the best and clearest account of the Italian conquest which I have read. Mr. Steer gives abundant evidence for believing that the swiftness of the Italian victory was due to the use of mustard gas by Marshal Badoglio. Its effectiveness is what they are anxious to conceal, since they may want to use it again.

* * *

Mr. Steer was the *Times* correspondent in Abyssinia; he liked the people, could talk to them.

> Ethiopia is a country which for centuries had lived statically and contentedly on the borderline between savagery and civilisation. . . Everywhere, under the Emperor Hafle Selassie, the Ethiopians were beginning to explore, to understand, and to consolidate their empire. That is why they were attacked. . . .

In particular Mr. Steer praises Ethiopian manners, which were "spontaneous and perfect: the most formal acts of courtesy seemed to be done with enthusiasm," and when a prominent English journalist clapped loudly at a film showing Italian army manoeuvres at the outbreak of war, the Ethiopians present, though deeply offended by this singular demonstration of bad manners, took no notice of him. Mr. Steer's liking for the Ethiopians may occasionally lead him to interpret their behaviour rather too favourably. But his liking was returned and in consequence he was able to see far more than those correspondents who aroused distrust. He gives a clear and vivid account of the war both in the north and in the Ogaden, where he was the only white man to visit Gorahai and make friends with Gerazmatch Afewerk. In the end Gorahai was blotted out by aerial bombardment. Afewerk went on alone firing his anti-aircraft gun at the Italian planes until he died of his gangrened wounds. Mr. Steer is able to explain the reasons for the Ethiopian defeat very clearly and his opinions are substantially borne out by Mr. Mortimer Durand, the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent with the Italian army, in *Crazy Campaign* (Routledge, 12*s.* 6*d.*) who with a certain tough cynicism preserved a remarkably impartial outlook. But whereas Mr. Steer is rather too ready to regard the Ethiopians as better soldiers than they were, Mr. Durand was appalled by the Italian carelessness and Ethiopian lack of initiative. *Crazy Campaign* is not a pleasant book, but it is a fair one and one gets an excellent impression of the agreeable qualities of the Italian regular officers, mostly picked from the Alpini, in command of Eritrean troops. Count Ciano he calls a "tough egg" as opposed to "the officer and gentleman" type. Incidentally Mr. Steer tells us that it was Vittorio Mussolini, in person, flying machine S62, who dropped forty bombs on the British Red Cross Unit, which was fully marked with Red Cross ground signs and Union Jacks. The chief reasons for the rapidity of the Ethiopian collapse, according to Mr. Steer, were the embargo on arms, which prevented the Emperor making any effective military preparations, the French railway authorities putting obstructions in the way of his importing munitions by rail, and the Ethiopian tradition of fighting which, as Mr. Durand points out, played directly into the Italian's hands. The Ethiopians were incredibly conceited and believed themselves invincible, but their ancient tactics consisted of assembling in vast numbers and making mass attacks with swords. If they won they did not pursue their enemy, if their leader was killed they fled in a rout. Had they possessed a number of petty leaders, capable of handling small commandos, and equipped with dynamite to blow up culverts, and had persistently raided the Italian communications, they might have dragged out the war almost indefinitely.

* * *

The spirit of the last two chapters of *Caesar in Abyssinia* is glorious. The bitter disgust which inspires Mr. Steer's chronicle of the war is followed by a devil-may-care reaction as the final collapse came. The Emperor had reached a state of exhaustion when he scarcely can have wondered whether he was betraying his people, so many of whom had already betrayed him, and on his departure a gay orgy of looting broke out, beginning with the palaces, following with wine merchants and foreign shops. All the wine which had been imported by Greeks in readiness for the Italian occupation was drunk, the gaiety of a looting carnival changed to casual murdering, to class war and in a few days to concerted and determined attacks on foreigners and on the legations. All the English who were left became infected by the excitement of the thing, and drove round in lorries and Ford cars rescuing people of other races, until at last they had collected some fifteen hundred and twenty belonging to twenty-seven nationalities. Mr. Steer had very sensibly picked the occasion as one on which to get married, and after rescuing his bride, who was besieged on a roof, began thoroughly to enjoy himself in the hurly-burly. He went from his wedding party to defend an Indian's store against a party of looters, and thoroughly enjoyed shooting out of a window with a revolver. The centre of the town was burnt out, with all the petrol, and there were a lot of dead—men, women and children—lying about the street. Then came the Italians:

> Sixteen hundred lorries full of troops, the largest mechanised column thrown out in history, but because the world so feebly withstood it there will soon be much bigger ones. . . . Everybody had gone to the hills. There were no wine or cigarettes for the Italian troops.

The Italians shot a lot of people, and Mr. and Mrs. Steer were among the first to be expelled—together with all humanitarian societies.

> Ethiopia and my work were finished. I came young. I went away older. I promised myself that I could never forget and never forgive.

DAVID GARNETT

THE GOLDEN COWBOY AND OTHERS

Mithraic Emblems. By ROY CAMPBELL. *Boriswood.* 7s. 6d.
Visiting the Caves. By WILLIAM PLOMER. *Cape.* 5s.
Selected Poems. By ROBERT FROST. *Cape.* 5s.

Mithraic Emblems is Mr. Roy Campbell's longest book. It is divided into three sections: "Mithraic Emblems," lyrics inspired by a mixture of bull-worship and Christianity; "Toledo, 1936," war poems, some of them, I think, written before the fighting; "Horizon," satires and epigrams. For Mr. Campbell's admirers, of whom I am one, this seems to be good value for money. It is a delight to meet again his explosive lyrical phrase, his mastery of the long rigid sentence—more akin to Baudelaire's than to any other poet's—the snorting horses, frosty nights and long days in the sun which have accompanied Mr. Campbell from the veld to Provence and Spain, and now I believe to somewhere in Sussex.

> Ride on, you fine Commando: vain
> Were looking back, for all you'd see
> Were "Charlies" running for their train!

But, like William S. Hart winding his way into a sunset, this Commando begins to loom rather heavily over the "Charlies" he scorns. At first a golden cowboy perhaps, but after many pages ("Neither Bolshies nor Guards, Can stand a good cowboy") one thinks rather of an equestrian in butter posing in a shop-window. Mr. Campbell overdoes his "personal legend." I noted, reviewing his autobiography *Broken Record* a few years ago, that he showed then a tendency to make of himself a hero on Rimbaud-Gauguin lines; as a bit of fanfaronnading in prose this seemed to me amusing and attractive. But the same figure, intruding on his poetry, loses much of its charm. *Mithraic Emblems* is repetitive in an alarming way. Not only do Commando and the Charlies, Christ-Mithras, the garlanded bull, Toledo, become as monotonous as a Southend carnival, but a number of verse formulae are relentlessly repeated. I note "exhaling in their pain the lily's ghost" (p. 17), "rills forth the lily-scented blood" (p. 31); "Those horns, the envy of the moon, now, targeting the sun, have set" (p. 31), "These crescent horns that scimitared the moon" (p. 76); "the glittering mackerel of his thews" (p. 74), "the lovely cirrus of my thews" (p. 76); "With stitch of fire the distant farms, Were threaded by the train" (p. 58), "Whistles the engine of the Past. Stitching the night with threads of fire" (p. 78), "Unwinding journeys from a burnished reel, Stitches the world with threads of fire" (p. 80). There are many examples of such repetition, so many that now and then reading a poem far on in the book one turns back to make sure that one has not already seen it on an earlier page. One image-making formula, in particular, is worked to death: type, "the red veronicas of light." We see it in every stage from:

> the blue hallucination of a jay,

where the use is appropriate enough, through countless such phrases, some good,

> upon the white
> abrupt sierras of my days,

some merely typical,

> And rioted in barrios of shame

to the appalling

> Through the mixed tunnels of whose angry brain
> Creeps the slow scolopendra of the Train!

Bad enough, one would have thought, to have perpetrated that; but, liking "scolopendra," Mr. Campbell repeats it:

> How shrill the long hosannas of despair
> With which those to-fro scolopendras bear
> Statesmen to conferences . . .

I do not know of any previous volume of Mr. Campbell's in which you could find these ineptitudes. For the first time I have found myself reading through his poems in order to find the good ones. They are here, if one looks. "After the Horse-fair" contains one stanza (the second of the two quoted) which is a model of excellence:

> The gypsies quarried from the gloom
> For their carouse, a silver hall:
> And jingled harness filled the lands
> With gay pesetas changing hands,
> So silvery, there seemed no room
> For any moon at all.
>
> Two figures on a whitewashed wall
> Were playing chess; a lamp was queen;
> Beneath the civil guard were seen
> With tricorned hats—a game of cards;
> One bottle was between them all,
> Good health, and kind regards.

Mithraic Emblems might have been cut down to a third of its present size (150 pages). It would still not be on a level with *Adamastor* or *Flowering Reeds*, but it would be real Campbell and not fake cowboy.

Mr. William Plomer, though also I believe acquainted with the veld, is the almost exact opposite of Mr. Campbell—cool, curious, detached, ironical, with an interest less in himself than in a scene, a situation, the squalor or heroisms in the life of others. As a poet he lacks many qualities—rhythm and a sense of music particularly. His distinction lies in a use of imagery which is deliberate, varied and vivid. "The Devil Dancers" is reporting raised to poetry. We see the small group of whites wearing shantung suits and dark spectacles as they sit under the compound wall; the drums begin.

> Now the edge of the jungle rustles. In a hush
> The crowd parts. Nothing happens. Then
> The dancers totter adroitly out on stilts,
> Weirdly advancing, twice as high as men.
>
> Sure as fate, strange as the mantis, cruel
> As vengeance in a dream, four bodies hung
> In cloaks of rasping grasses, turning
> Their tiny heads, the masks besmeared with dung;
>
> Each mops and mows, uttering no sound,
> Each stately, awkward, giant marionette,
> Each printed shadow frightful on the ground
> Moving in small distorted silhouette . . .

In one or two poems the implications of a single image are cunningly worked out—in "A Prison for Sale," for example, where a ruined abbey, visited by sightseers, is superimposed with the symbol of a honeycomb. "The Murder on the Downs," printed originally in these pages, contains a bizarre sterilised imagery which throws the scene of a crime into vivid and horrifying relief. Mr. Plomer may not be to the taste of those readers

who think that every poem should be a lyric, but he has his own unmistakable, surprising flavour.

The selection of Mr. Robert Frost's *Poems* has been prefaced, rather unnecessarily, by four critics: Mr. Frost after all is not entirely unheard of in England. We are told by Mr. Auden that we should read him as a small farmer and liberal; a fundamental seriousness, according to Mr. Day Lewis, makes him "most akin to Wordsworth"; Mr. Paul Engle assures us that he "knows what he is talking about," that "his is the voice of New England"; lastly, in the best essay of the four, Mr. Edwin Muir analyses the mixture of plain statement and qualification in Frost's work. But if ever a poet could do without introductions of this kind, it is surely Frost! Even Mr. St. John Ervine and other dashing amateurs of modern poetry should see straight off what Frost is getting at and how admirably he gets it. One could quote any poem from this collection. "The Cow in Appletime":

> Something inspires the only cow of late
> To make no more of a wall than an open gate,
> And think no more of wall-builders than fools.
> Her face is flecked with pomace and she drools
> A cider syrup. Having tasted fruit
> She scorns a pasture withering to the root.
> She runs from tree to tree where lie and sweeten
> The windfalls spiked with stubble and worm-eaten.
> She leaves them bitten when she has to fly.
> She bellows on a knoll against the sky.
> Her udder shrivels and the milk goes dry.

You don't see much in it? Your loss. G. W. STONIER

AGAIN THE FUTURE

A Short History of the Future. By JOHN LANGDON DAVIES. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

A formidable book, sprawling and incoherent, but shot through with gleams of insight. As it stands, it is without form. Intending to write a history of the future, Mr. Langdon Davies has insisted upon putting in whatever happens to interest him in the present, with the result that the book is "all about everything," biology, Communism, wish fulfilment, the evolution of machines, racial philosophy and so much else, that it is like a hat that has lost its shape because so many subjects have worn it. Mr. Langdon Davies is tremendously on his guard against the temptation to prophesy millenniums. Most pictures of the future have, he thinks, been obvious wish fulfilments. Now wishes may breed thoughts, but they do not father evidence, and, reacting against the Utopiasts, Mr. Langdon Davies has "tried to consider the question without personal prejudice and to describe a future which seems logically most likely to happen rather than a future which perhaps I should prefer to see."

For producing what is in effect a book about everything in the guise of a history of the future, Mr. Langdon Davies justifies himself as follows:

> Unless a man is content to escape from reality down the byways of his day-dreams, he will not be happy unless he is intellectually efficient; and that means he must have a consistent philosophy of life; and he cannot have this unless the drama of the present has a meaning for him; and the present can have no meaning, unless it is to be found in the future; so that our happiness and our efficiency as thinking beings depends (*sic*) upon the clarity with which we see what the future holds.

Possibly; possibly not. I confess to surprise on learning that one cannot be happy unless (*a*) one is "intellectually efficient" and has a "philosophy of life"—are peasants, fishermen and Hottentots all unhappy, or do they, one wonders, have intellectually efficient philosophies of life?—and unless (*b*) "one knows what the future holds." In opposition to Mr. Langdon Davies, most philosophers have held that ignorance of the future is necessary in order to enable us to tolerate the present. On the whole I think that they are in the right of it. If we knew what was going to happen to us it would not be possible to hope, and hope is the carrot which, perpetually dragging us forward from the present into the future, makes the wheels of life go round.

In order that he may prophesy the future, Mr. Langdon Davies finds it necessary not only to understand the present but also to interpret the past. Approaching the future by this route, we are introduced to a long and interesting comparison between man and insects. This follows Bergsonian lines. The distinguishing characteristic of man is his evolution of reason as a biological tool to be used in the struggle for survival. The distinguishing characteristic of his present predicament is that reason has outstripped its original biological purpose, and by its inventions of art, science and the machine and its discovery of the ideals of liberty and individuality, is threatening the very existence of human communities.

Social habit, that is to say, the willingness and ability to live in communities, is necessary for the survival of the human race. Reason, insisting on ideal ends and the right of fully developed individuals to pursue them, has, Mr. Langdon Davies argues, so eroded the bonds of social habit that our communities are in danger of falling to pieces, with the result that the question "will mankind be forced by the pressure of unalterable law to sacrifice the individual reason to the social habit?" dominates contemporary Europe. It is in terms of this question that Communism and Fascism, the flight from Democracy, and the distrust of individualism can alone be rightly understood. All these in their different ways are expressions of modern man's instinctive recognition that reason has gone, or is about to go, too far and has begun like a cancer to prey upon the social organism under whose shelter it evolved. Individuality, in fact, may have to go, if the species is to survive. "If," Mr. Langdon Davies writes, "man as a species tolerates and encourages individual men in the use of their reason in ways contrary to the imperative needs of the species, man, too, will join the dinosaurs in the museums of time."

It is possible, but, if so, why bother about the future? It may be the case that human communities can only survive by modelling themselves upon termites' nests, but if it is, what does it matter whether they survive or not? Mr. Langdon Davies has, I cannot help thinking, an unduly restricted view of the end of human life which is, he holds, to produce more human life:

> "Remember," he says, "that, just as they have a common ancestor, phylloxera and man have a common task, to succeed in nourishing individuals long enough for those individuals to produce other individuals capable of nourishing themselves. Absolutely nothing else."

This is as if one were to say that the excellence of a tangerine orange consists in its ability to produce other tangerine oranges. But tangerines may be excellent for their juice as well as for their pips, and human beings may be ends in themselves and not merely incubators. If they are, they will not be prepared to sacrifice reason even if its sacrifice is, as Mr. Langdon Davies is inclined to think, the condition of survival, without losing all title to be called human.

The book abounds with short-time prophecies. These include a Holy War between Germany and Japan, on the one hand, and Russia on the other; a Fascist America; an England remaining until the very last moment on the fence from which she will be forced to descend to take part in an international class war of Popular Front against Fascist powers; all of which is interesting and depressing enough, but not very new. In short, a good book which, if it had been pruned and given shape, might have been a much better one. C. E. M. JOAD

ASSYRIAN SCULPTURE

The Stones of Assyria. By C. J. GADD. *Chatto and Windus.* £3 3s.

The art of the Middle East developed out of two interacting techniques, one working stone among the highlands, the other clay among the deserts. At certain periods, the first influenced the second: witness the Archers from Susa in the Louvre and the Lion Avenue from Babylon in Berlin. But with Islam, clay won, and Persia, a country which is all stone, was committed to an architecture which is all brick.

The victory of clay, and the tenets of Islam, meant the disappearance of sculpture from the whole area, except as a craft for the decoration of smaller objects. Thus a tradition of true carving, based on natural forms and beginning with the Sumerians in the third millennium B.C. or earlier, came to an end with the Sasanian hunting reliefs at Tak-i-Bostan in the seventh century A.D. The Assyrian sculptures are the high watermark of this tradition. During the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., their artists transformed the hieratic brutality of their Hittite predecessors into first a more detailed and ornamental style, and then into one freer and more economical, which culminates in the hunting scenes of Ashur-bani-pal (British Museum). The Achemenids, when they built Persepolis, lost the tensity, the vividness and the bold irregular spacing of these Assyrian masterpieces; then as now, the impact of Europe had given Asia a

feeling of inferiority. And the same dead hand, though of Rome instead of Greece, deformed Sasanian sculpture in the last phase. But while the Persian sculptures, blazoned on cliffs or secure above ground on the great platform at Persepolis, attracted the notice of travellers as soon as they arrived, the Assyrian remained hidden from the world till 1842. Between then and the Crimean War, the majority of those now known were removed to Europe.

It is the story of this removal, prefaced by a few earlier but unfruitful investigations, which Mr. Gadd tells in the first part of his book. The first excavator was M. Botta, appointed French Consul at Mosul and assisted with Government funds. Simultaneously the Académie des Inscriptions sent Flandin to make drawings. But after one consignment of sculptures from Khorsabad had been despatched to the Louvre, the initiative passed to Layard, who started work as Sir Stratford Canning's private agent. Next year, however, the British Treasury made a grant of £2,000 towards the expenses of the expedition, a sum which was increased from time to time. Transport was the main difficulty. Both Layard, and Rawlinson after him, had to saw many of the stones into parts, retaining only the sculptures, so that inscriptions and sequence were irrevocably lost. The first stage of the journey was accomplished by raft to Basrah, with one stop at Baghdad for the skins upholding the rafts to be reinflated. This was hazardous enough: in 1853 almost the whole collection acquired for the French Government after ten years' work sank in the Tigris and was not recovered. Then, once at the head of the Gulf, it was impossible to find ships big enough to embark such cargoes. It was only after incessant negotiations between the British Museum, the Admiralty, and the Government of Bombay, that the stones eventually arrived in England.

The second part of Mr. Gadd's book comprises a descriptive catalogue, which enumerates, with details of provenance and previous publication, not only the sculptures in the British Museum, but those in other parts of Europe and America. A number of these are then re-grouped in a shorter list according to their original positions at Nimrud and Kuyunjik. This classification, though it does not pretend to be final or exhaustive, is of great value for those who wish to study the chronological development of Assyrian art. There are 48 plates, many of which illustrate drawings of sculptures that have since been mutilated or lost. The photographs are mainly from stones in the British Museum, and it is a pity, therefore, since it would have been so easy to ascertain them, that no dimensions are given. If a thing is a work of art, it is so only in its own scale, and the interest here is more than archaeological.

ROBERT BYRON

BURBAGE'S HAMLET?

Prefaces to Shakespeare. By HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER. Third series. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Granville-Barker's first volume of *Prefaces* contained a general introduction and dealt with three plays; his second volume dealt with four; the volume before us deals with one. In the opinion of the publishers, moreover, it is worth another shilling and sixpence. The reason surely is not, as Mr. Granville-Barker rather disingenuously suggests, that he wished to study one play thoroughly before he had done, but that the one play is *Hamlet*. Most writers have had a great deal more to say about the Prince of Denmark than his creator did. It is a law of progress that the parables of Christ lead to the epistles of Paul. This volume is not a preface, but a book, and we commend Mr. Granville-Barker's restraint in that he has stopped short at three hundred and thirty pages. Professor Dover Wilson raised a monumental trilogy and we doubt whether, even now, the rest is silence. The Prince of Denmark is the god whom every critic has created in his own image and worshipped t'other side idolatry. "Il a fallu l'inventer." Yet all except the intransigent Stoll have been deaf to his admonition, not to pluck out the heart of the mystery, not to think too precisely on the events; deaf to Horatio's "It were to consider too curiously to consider so."

Devotees of Shakespeare criticism (and this includes most readers except those who act him professionally and M. Komisarjevski) will ask first and foremost: How does Granville-Barker stand to Dover Wilson? I refer them to *Alice*. The professor and producer were fighting for the crown. And the best of the joke is, said the Prince of Denmark, that it's *my* crown. The professor gave us two detective volumes on the text for the scholar, an edition for the student, and "What happens in *Hamlet*" for the common reader. Granville-Barker writes for the producer, the English master and the amateur. How to act *Hamlet*; how to teach *Hamlet*: that is his book. In fact it only remains now for Mr. Eliot or Mr. Yeats to inform us, How to write *Hamlet*.

This "Preface" falls into four sections. The first is introductory; a brief and brilliant summary of the principles which Mr. Granville-Barker has laid down more than once elsewhere and which, as a man of the theatre, have been his most important contribution to Shakespearian criticism. The first is that actor and dramatist are collaborators; a Burbage supplies the "physics," Shakespeare the "metaphysics" of the protagonist. Secondly, "dramatic poetry is not primarily a matter of words, but of the poetic conception of character and action." Thirdly, and this is often forgotten (and when he gets on to the characterisation, Mr. Granville-Barker himself is tempted to forget it), a Shakespeare play is a *sequence*, a series of contrasts, whose continuity is unbroken. Most important of all and connected with this last, the nature of dramatic time. "Shakespeare's true concern is with *tempo*, not time. He uses time as an auxiliary, and makes free with it, and with the calendar to make his use of it convincing." The time-sense and time-function, I would say, are one thing in drama and another in fiction, and when we analyse character-creation we must never forget it. The few pages which Mr. Granville-Barker devotes to time and *tempo* in *Hamlet* are as good as anything he has ever written. This principle, incidentally, suggests a solution of the problem of the Prince's age.

The second section is the heart of the book, and a miracle. We are at rehearsal and go through the play in sequence; a running commentary with summaries of the action as we advance; Shakespeare without tears, in fact. The tones of an inspired producer are ringing in our ears. Away with posthumous act and scene divisions. *Hamlet* is a symphony in three movements. The first closes with the command laid by the desperate ghost on his distracted son. Then follows inaction and delay, stirred to intrigue and conflict, accelerating from suspense to violent action. With the Fortinbras soliloquy and the banishment to England it comes to rest. The third movement develops the counterplot and with fatal irony brings the catastrophe about. On this whole section of the book I will only say two things, in spite of temptation to discuss and to commend. First, Mr. Granville-Barker differs

TRUST THE HOVIS BAKER
When you have sampled its delicious flavour and know how digestible and nourishing HOVIS can be, with its added wheat-germ, you will never go back to ordinary 'brown.'
Had your
HOVIS
TRADE MARK
today?
There is Strength
in every Slice
Best Bakers Bake It
H1C9.L

from Professor Dover Wilson on his two cardinal points; on the behaviour of Claudius during the dumb show and on the earlier entry of the Prince in III, 1, which would allow him to overhear the decoy-plot. As to the latter Mr. Granville-Barker himself was almost persuaded by the Professor and his counter-arguments come more from the heart than from the head. As to the former, both are in my humble opinion right (or wrong). I believe there is a middle course. My second general comment would be that although the producer gives a more compelling answer than the professor to Mr. Eliot's famous challenge, "*Hamlet* is an artistic failure," yet I feel that a difficulty remains. Has Shakespeare succeeded in fusing the explicit and the implicit theme; Hamlet's revenge and Hamlet's "Frailty thy name is woman"?

The remaining two sections deal with style and with character. The latter is a work of supererogation, for it involves not a little repetition of what has gone before and calls up the mighty shade of Bradley. The opening sentences are vexing. And when Mr. Granville-Barker, assessing Claudius's looks, comments on the Ghost's dismissal of his brother as "garbage" and says: "false modesty may be one of those minor sins which purgatory most quickly purges away," we cry "How characteristic!" and love him and laugh with him; but it betrays what is evident throughout this section that he is not free of Bradley's fallacy of putting two and two together and making half a dozen. The section on style is the better of these two and the passage on the verse is admirable. Space prevents the detailed comment which Mr. Granville-Barker provokes in me. Maybe if he had said more, I should have had less to say. There is a faint hint in the Preface to this *Preface* that the author's series is coming to a close. Unless he intends to produce instead of preface, God forbid it should be so. The history plays so far are untouched, and the "unpleasant" plays, and the greatest comedies, and the *Tempest* and the *Dream*. But let us have first, to complete the present stage, *Macbeth* and *Othello* and *Coriolanus*. And as for *Hamlet*, perturbèd spirit, for the next twenty years at least, R.I.P.

GEORGE RYLANDS

GAUGUIN

The Life of Paul Gauguin. By ROBERT BURNETT. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 15*s.*

Mr. Burnett has written a book about Gauguin that may well become standard. He does not deal in critical appreciation, but has set himself to collect all the facts relevant to the artist's life, to say nothing of many that are irrelevant, and to record them. As he is sensible and systematic, it is unlikely that he has missed much. His book may therefore become the standard English biography, which makes it the more regrettable that in style it should be unappetising. As the writing is neither vulgar nor affected, it is not unreadable; but as it is clumsy and redundant the reading is heavy.

Notoriously, the life of Gauguin was mysterious; Mr. Burnett has explored the mysteries and, so far as possible, explained them. But I confess it is in other than biographical curiosities that I am interested. For me the great Gauguin mysteries are two: (*a*) how came it that a third-rate painter occasionally painted first-rate pictures?; (*b*) why was this third-rate painter, during a dozen critical and glorious years, the most influential in Europe?

The first, which is in fact a mystery recurrent in the history of art, may be as insoluble as the mystery of art itself. Gauguin was not the first mediocre painter to produce one or two masterpieces, nor will he be the last. Were I surer of the chronological order of his works (I wish people who write books about painters would make it a rule to date their illustrations) I could probably formulate a more acceptable hypothesis. My notion, for what it may be worth, is that Gauguin's best pictures were painted under the pressure of a direct influence and an example. When he was near enough to Pissarro or Cézanne to get an exciting and compelling sense of what a work of art could be and should be, he surpassed himself. It is, unless I mistake, to his first and even more to his second Brittany period that his finest things belong—*La belle Angèle* and *Le Christ jaune* are both of 1889—and to the period '93–'95, most of which he spent in Europe. He was not temperamentally rich enough nor strong enough to conceive and carry through great works in complete isolation. After a few months of solitude in Tahiti or the Marquesas his lines begin to go slack, for all their black boldness they contain little, his palette becomes conventional—it was a convention of his own devising to be sure—and, gravelled for matter, for the genuine stuff of art, to keep up his spirits he raises his voice.

All this is no more than a hypothesis which may or may not be correct; the second mystery, the mystery of what appears to be Gauguin's disproportionate influence, admits of surer and clearer explanation. One must bear in mind that already in the last decade of the nineteenth century Impressionism was becoming academic. A second generation of impressionist painters had been taught and was teaching a recipe for making pictures. They were naturalists: go to nature, they said, and go no farther, for in nature you will find all that is needed to make a work of art. They were analysts: sight is sensation, analyse your sensations, break up scientifically local colours into their component parts. They were materialists. Clearly the moment was ripe for revolution; all that was needed was a rebel chief, and Gauguin went so far as to look the part. Imagine the effect on a student, who was constantly having it dinned into his head that the first duty of a painter was to analyse, of meeting a lordly creature who looked like a bandit and talked like a prophet, and of hearing him say—"What colour do you call that tree? Green? Very well, take the most violent green in your box and smear on a good dollop of it." Here was something like a leader.

Also remember that a picture by an impressionist master, by Cézanne or Renoir, lovely though it is at first sight, needs, fully to be appreciated, study. It is the infinitely subtle and complicated rendering of the artist's sense of a scene. It is compact of touches and smears expressing minute perceptions and exquisitely delicate reactions. It needs peering into. Gauguin was a decorator; his pictures were things to be taken in at a gasp as one takes in a transformation scene or a poster. To those subtle effects with which the enterprising young were becoming bored he opposed the bold and obvious effects of brilliantly coloured patches bounded by stout black lines.

He was a spiritualist too. Against the materialistic Impressionists and their heroes of the eighteenth century and the Venetian Renaissance he set the Primitives. He would expatiate on a *trecento* example in which you saw a microscopic castle in the foreground and an enormous boat in the distance; for the boat, which was perhaps transporting a saint or at least the limb of a saint, was the spiritually important thing in the picture. The essential significance of things was to be expressed only by equivalents, he said. All genuine artists have known that always; but Gauguin said it, and he said it very loud.

It was just this loudness that was important for his decade. By the turn of the century, or a little later, the more sensitive and intelligent had come to see that it was in the art of Cézanne and Seurat that they must seek the inspiration they needed. From that moment Gauguin takes a back seat, and ever since Cézanne and Seurat have been recognised as the animators of the modern movement. But in 1895 both were—for that matter they are still—difficult masters, whereas it was as easy to like Gauguin in 1895 as to like Byron in 1820. Indeed, it is perhaps fair to say that Gauguin stands to Cézanne and Seurat as Byron stands to Wordsworth and Coleridge, and that he was for the "eighteen nineties" what Byron was for the "eighteen twenties." He, too, was a hell of a fellow and something of a raffish cad, half-genius and half-fudge. And, after all, instead of sitting outside cafés saying how much better and brighter life would be in the South Seas, he went there. In every way he was a striking figure, someone worth knowing; and Mr. Burnett has told us all, or almost all, there is to know.

CLIVE BELL

IRISH EPIC

Ancient Irish Tales. Edited by T. P. CROSS and C. H. SLOVER. *Harrap.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The title of this book is undoubtedly based on that of the late Kuno Meyer's anthology, *Ancient Irish Poetry*. It is the first convenient and really comprehensive collection of the early epic and semi-historical stories which has been made. This is an astonishing fact when we consider the extensive influence of the Irish literary movement towards the end of the last century and the spread of the Gaelic language revival—and we may add that the book comes from America.

The editors have translated only a few of the stories and their labours have been comparatively simple. Translations of splendid stories have lain neglected in the volumes of the *Revue Celtique*, *Eriu* and other learned journals—they are here given to the general reader.

All who have even the slightest acquaintance with the earliest literature of western Europe will recognise, as the editors point out, the interest of the cyclic tales which were shaped orally and set down in writing between the fifth and the eighth centuries. If any written literature ever existed in the native language of Gaul, none has come down to us. But with sagas such as these, the Gauls who fought against Caesar filled their minds. In their brief notes the editors modestly follow the present school of Irish scholars and archaeologists, most of whom are euhemerists and only recently seem to have discovered *The Golden Bough*. Yet any perceptive reader will detect in these stories the imaginative rumble of centuries as the Celtic migrations moved across Europe towards the last lands. The selection is somewhat arbitrary for the editors show a preference for human and dramatic interest in the tales. They have omitted the long heroic combats of the great northern epic cycle, though indeed the noble usage of these ancient champions of paganism would make an excellent contrast to our modern notions of warfare against women and children.

There is great variety of theme. Here, for example, can be found *The Intoxication of the Ulstermen*. It is one of the earliest stories, yet shows, fully developed, that sense of humorous exaggeration which is still found in professional Gaelic story-tellers to this very day. In this mock heroic story the Ulster leaders start off from the great drinking hall at midnight and when they stop at last find themselves in Kerry. There is an oriental touch in the last scene, for they are trapped in an iron house concealed within wooden walls under which fires are lighted by their enemies. In contrast, we may take the story of Mac Erca's adulterous union, in which the Parnell theme, often found in the Irish annals, is clearly and poetically displayed.

SHORTER NOTICES

Ultra-Royalism and the French Restoration. By NORA E. HUDSON, M.A. *Cambridge University Press.* 10s. 6d.

This is a study in political science, and attempts to explain the policy of the Right during the adjustments of the Monarchy to the conditions of its existence between 1815 and 1830. Miss Hudson gives her theme sufficient historical background to throw into relief the Monarchy and the Church and their supporters *vis-à-vis* the intelligentsia, the anti-clericals, and those who, whether idealists or realists, had grave doubts whether democracy, to say nothing of liberty, equality and fraternity, had any chance of surviving a successful Bourbon-Papal Coalition. Miss Hudson holds that the experiment was not given a reasonable time to work itself out. Of course, given time, the unholy coalition might have secured a firm grip of the country; but an autocratic King and a still more autocratic Church were unlikely in any event to settle down comfortably in a Constitution borrowed from ours. Miss Hudson, however, does give us a very clear idea of the political drifts of the time and of those who controlled or floated on them.

"We Generally Shoot Englishmen": An English Schoolmaster's Five Years of Mild Adventure in Moscow (1915–20). By R. O. G. URCH, B.A. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

The title of this entertaining book is taken from a remark made to Mr. Urch by one of his more genial gaolers, when during the Soviet regime he was passed from prison to prison on some unspecified charge of which no one, least of all his judges, had any knowledge whatever. He had been arrested, therefore he must have done something. Mr. Urch, with his wife and children, fled from Riga to Moscow when the Germans were advancing, and there he settled down to carry on his business of teaching, and never at any time wanted for pupils. He writes of Lenin and the other Bolshevik leaders as if he has no conception that they were other than bloodthirsty self-seekers. Nevertheless he writes of his own immediate contact with the revolutionaries without rancour, and often with an agreeable sense of humour. He shared in all the miseries of the time, including imprisonment, but on the whole he seems to have found his Russian friends and enemies a charmingly vague and genial people. And he writes most entertainingly.

Gabriele Rossetti in England. By E. R. VINCENT. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

The story of the Rossetti family is well known, but this is the first monograph devoted completely to the father of Dante Gabriel and Christina. Although this study is too specialised to have a wide appeal, it throws an interesting light on social conditions in England during the late thirties of last century, when Italian patriots and political refugees found shelter here. But it is melancholy to reflect upon the fact that a nation which gained its own liberty at such great cost should have lost it so quickly in our own times. It is not generally known that, as sub-curator in the Naples Museum, Gabriele Rossetti once met "Shelley plain." Little realising the fact, he discussed archaeological discoveries with the young English visitor. Another link in the history of pre-Raphaelitism is the fact that Rossetti married a sister of Polidori, the physician who travelled with Byron. Gabriele Rossetti's own Italian poetry belongs to the rhetorical and patriotic school and the elaborate commentaries on the Divine Comedy, to which he devoted so much of his life, unfortunately developed into complete eccentricity. In his determination to find political clues and masonic symbols in Dante's lines, he out-rivalled in zeal and industry our own Baconian theorists.

Calvin and the Reformation. By JAMES MACKINNON. *Longmans.* 16s.

Dr. Mackinnon's learned study of Calvin as theologian and statesman will appeal primarily, of course, to theological students; but there is much in it that, considering the wide reach of the theocracy he formulated, and its profound effect upon the character of the peoples who accepted it, deserves the attention even of those to whom the rattling of dry theological bones is generally inexpressively tedious. It is Dr. Mackinnon's achievement that he makes the dry bones live, and although it may not be said of the book that it is light reading, it is so felicitously written that even when the minutiæ of doctrine are under discussion it remains readable. In England Calvin and his work have never been affectionately cherished. But in Scotland they have worked miracles, not least of them being that the countrymen of Burns are recognisable as the countrymen of Knox, and have been able to reconcile in their lives a lively humour and a generosity of living with a conviction of predestination and a bleak theology. And it may be that in Dr. Mackinnon's final chapter, in which from contemporary records he shows us Calvin the man, hospitable, humorous, playing quoits with his friends and interested in their courtships and their marriages, we shall find the anomaly of the Scot resolved.

The Arabian Knight: A Study of Sir Richard Burton. By SETON DEARDEN. *Barker.* 12s. 6d.

In this study of Burton, though his more famous travels, the pilgrimage to Mecca, the ride to Harar and the discovery of Tanganyika, are described at length, it is the man rather than the traveller who is the hero of the book. This is as it should be, for Burton was bigger than his achievements, and still waits the recognition that is his due. When advised by Stanley to write his autobiography, Burton replied that he could not, because he would have to write of so many people. And when Stanley suggested that he might be charitable and write only of their best qualities, Burton retorted: "I don't care a fig for charity; if I write at all I will write truthfully—all I know." Imagine a realistic truth-teller in the service of the Government, then or now! From the time of the report on the bordels of Karachi, obloquy and injustice pursued him; and even to-day the real anthropologist is

The
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edited by William Mellor

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THE NEW PAPER OF THE
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smothered beneath an imaginary pornographist. Truly, as his brother wrote to him when they were both undergraduates, he fell among *épiciers*.

The Glittering Century. By PHILLIPS RUSSELL. *Scribners.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Going to the gossips rather than to the historians for his material, Professor Russell surveys eighteenth-century Europe obliquely, with one eye on the American scene in which the vices of the Old World were uncultivated and there was no glitter worth writing about. The book is written in a popular vein, but it is well written; and if Professor Russell is at times a little crude in condemnation, and slightly confused between his dislike of the feudal lord and his contempt for the feudal lord turned courtier, his uncanny insight into the mischiefs of the mercantile regime which was coming into being, gives his story of the age sociological values such stories generally lack. He describes the glitter so that it reaches us slightly tarnished, and he derives more pleasure from the rise to power of the middle-class than the present conditions of the old and new worlds justify. Nevertheless he gives us a book that the general reader will enjoy and the social student need not despise.

The Romance of Motor Racing. By SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In his foreword to this vivid and informative story of motor racing, from the tiny triumphs of the first records to the amazing record of over 300 miles an hour held by himself, Sir Malcolm Campbell tells us that it was suggested to him that such a book would interest boys of all ages. It certainly will. It is the story of the motor car from its beginnings, and of the skill and science, the courage and the improvisation, that have gone to its development, till the little three-wheeled embryo has grown into the huge racing cars that are marvels of the adjustment of means to ends. We note the growth of these cars, the increasing power of their engines, and subtle lines of their bodies. We are made familiar with the tracks and roads on which they race; and with the "pits" where the mechanics wait surrounded with implements and spares ready to remedy breakdowns in minutes or seconds; and, best of all, we meet the men who drive them, as one by one Sir Malcolm, keeping himself in shadow, brings them to our notice, as the chivalrous rivals in a race for records to which the limit has not yet been set.

Unknown Karakoram. By R. C. F. SCHOMBERG. *Martin Hopkinson.* 15*s.*

Fair Game: The Open Air of Four Continents. By MARTIN STEPHENS. *Murray.* 9*s.*

In his attractive record of mountain exploration Colonel Schomberg writes of two expeditions which he made during 1934 into the Karakoram Mountains. The remote part of the range which he visited is situated in the North-West, and there is no more vivid description in the book than that in which he tells us how, standing on the ridge of the watershed, he listened to the gurgling of the waters flowing in front of him to feed the rivers that are lost at last in the sands of the desert, while behind him gushed the waters on their way to the Arabian Sea. Colonel Schomberg describes the ardours of mountaineering in the desolate and sparsely inhabited valleys and over forgotten passes that, now broken by flood and glacier, were once traversed by caravans. He made several discoveries that will be useful to geographers and has some useful advice to any who follow in his footsteps, particularly with regard to the employment of local coolies. The book is well illustrated and is accompanied by a large scale map of the area covered.

Mr. Stephens needs no introduction to the big-game hunter or to readers of hunting literature. In the present book he opens with some authoritative notes on the question of game preservation and of the methods in vogue, and is particularly informative when he writes on the clearing of cultivated areas of the herds, particularly of elephants, that lay them waste. He has, as always, good stories to tell of lion and tiger, and elephant, but he is at his best when he writes of stalking, whether of Ovis Ammon and Poli in the Central Asian hills or Bighorn in the Rockies, or Red Deer in Scotland, and he gives us an amusing discussion of the question whether the delight is in a good stalk or a good head. He writes sharply of the slaughterer, specially those who hunt in motors, and, an observer himself, he has a good word for the photographer provided he does not fake his pictures. The book is well illustrated.

About Motoring

DISTRACTING THE DRIVER

ONE of the root principles of safety on the road is that the driver of such a potentially lethal vehicle as the motor car should be free to focus his full attention on the roadway. This principle is slowly being recognised in these islands. For example, at long last we have copied the Continental notion of erecting large signboards well short of a road junction, and painting them with a large simple diagram, such as a Y, with at most two destinations named in bold lettering, one for each arm. We have begun to prosecute drivers who grip the wheel nonchalantly with the right hand, whilst the left arm encircles the neck or waist of some charming damsel. A few years ago we distracted all drivers at road junctions by placing our signposts at the apex of the crossing; angling its arms as inconveniently as possible; and painting them with reams of information in small letters, which rapidly became weather-beaten. We also assumed that a driver was necessarily concentrating on his job, provided he was sober, and hit nobody. It is incredible that we were ever so silly; but the facts are undeniable. However, though we have lately begun to catch glimpses of the principle that it is dangerous to distract the driver, we have only applied it to our road organisation in a fragmentary manner. The Germans realised ten years ago that the ideal road signal should (*a*) never deflect a driver's attention from the road immediately ahead, and (*b*) should arrest his attention by night as well as by day. So, in fully electrified areas, they began to suspend signals (e.g., warnings of railway crossings) across the road; to substitute a symbol (such as a railway engine) for letters; and to illuminate such signals at night from the mains which run alongside many important roads. In sharp contrast is the latest British custom of erecting a perfect forest of signal posts at the *side* of the roads, where a driver who is sternly focusing his gaze on the roadway is extremely liable to miss them; if he overlooks such a signal for this very reasonable cause we pounce upon him and punish him. In fact we demand that in addition to maintaining a sentry-like vigilance on the road ahead, he shall in certain areas turn his head rapidly from side to side in search of Belisha beacons, "halt" signs, thirty-mile limit signs and their correlated "washouts," one-way notices, for all the world like a nervous blackbird splashing in a bird-bath set in a cat-infested garden. A few of these signals at the edges of the roads are illuminated, notably the robot "stop and go" posts, which display red, green and amber lights; but even these are camouflaged to some extent by the fact that advertisers are allowed to use precisely the same colours, often in close proximity to a robot post, and are not even forbidden to use illuminated discs of these colours and of the same diameter. "Halt" signs are semi-concealed by the neighbourhood of trees in ornamental boulevards, and many of the 30 m.p.h. notices not only are overlooked, but ought to be overlooked by any driver who is attending to the main business in hand, i.e., transport and travel on safety-first principles. It is probable that a marked diminution in road casualties would be apparent if all signs at the sides of busy roads were abolished, and replaced by signs which did not distract the driver's attention and deflect his vision. For we must remember that when a driver is traversing an unfamiliar area, he is constantly afraid of overlooking signs, which may not exist at all.

This survey of our curiously illogical methods raises a more urgent and constructive question, namely, whether it is possible at a reasonable outlay to adapt our complex system of road signals to conformity with the "no distraction" principle. We have a valuable and—strange to say—universal example at hand in the form of the white (yellow is sometimes substituted) lines painted on the tarmac at bends to keep traffic on the proper half of the road. Moreover, this principle has been adopted, notably in America, for other purposes. Already in this country some authorities paint such signals as "Dead Slow," "Slow," and even "Stop" on the road surface. But other countries extend and elaborate the idea. For instance, in some American States, wavy lines painted down the road centre indicate approach to a dangerous bend. None of these signals is ever overlooked by motorists, and none of them entails an element of distraction. By day or night the sane driver keeps his eyes on the road as far as the Government will permit him to do so. He cannot watch the road without sighting these lines and legends. They are unmissable by day; and white paint on a black road or yellow paint on a grey road possesses good visibility at night, if we exclude fog, for which no efficient provision can be devised in the present state of human knowledge. Some police authorities complain that the painted "Slow" and "Dead Slow" signs are not properly respected; but this applies equally to the "Halt" and "30" signs, wherever adequate supervision is not maintained. We shall always have to cope with the reckless fool, who in any case is a very small minority; our present business is to facilitate safe driving for the sane motorist. If some genius will kindly invent a not-too-expensive green mirror, suitable for sinking in the road surface, and bearing traffic stresses without fracture or dislodgement, we could transfer the whole of our stationary signal system to the road surface with immense benefit to all concerned. Eliminate distraction, and you safeguard driving. I have not dealt with the foreign habit of suspended overhead signals, because there is at present no limit to the height of vehicles circulating on British roads, except such local and accidental limit as may be

Our New Year Gift Offer!

¶ In December, 1923, we invited readers of THE NEW STATESMAN to give six-monthly subscriptions as Christmas and New Year Presents, at one-third the usual charge, i.e., Five Shillings instead of Fifteen. The idea found a ready acceptance, and last year we received twice as many as in any previous year. Such increasing popularity demands repetition this year, and already some hundreds of readers have responded.

¶ There is time to start your Gift subscriptions with the first issue of the New Year, dated January 2nd. To our friends abroad we take the opportunity of saying that they may respond to this offer at any time. The only condition we make, to Home and Overseas readers alike, is that the recipient of the introductory subscription is not, to the donor's knowledge, already buying the paper.

¶ We are willing to forgo two-thirds of our usual rate on these Gift subscriptions to new readers, because we have found that this is the best method of introducing the paper. On the other hand, our special offer enables readers to make a present worth fifteen shillings at the cost of only five.

¶ For some time now, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has enjoyed the largest circulation of the weekly reviews, but its steady growth month by month proves that it has still a long way to go before it reaches its possible maximum. Here, therefore, is a means whereby readers may make appropriate and acceptable New Year Gifts to their friends and, at the same time, help this journal to find new readers.

¶ To every recipient we will (unless we receive contrary instructions) send a postcard, advising him or her that the paper is being sent under the instructions of the giver.

It is not necessary to cut out the form below if readers will state, when sending subscriptions, that they accept the conditions printed thereon.

To The Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 *Great Turnstile, London, W.C.*1

Date.....

SIR,

I wish you to post THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION every week for the next six months to the names and addresses given below.

I am a reader of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and propose for the next six months at least to remain so, purchasing it for myself as hitherto.

To the best of my knowledge the persons named below are not regular readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

I enclose Five Shillings per subscription on the understanding that you will bear the remainder of the cost.

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List of friends to whom THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is to be sent for six months commencing with the issue dated January 2nd, 1937 (or any other date specified).

Name	Address

Further names and addresses may be added on a separate sheet if desired. Please write clearly.

imposed by bridges on any given route; because such signals offer small if any advantage over signals embedded in or painted upon the road surface; and because the cost of such suspended signals is unnecessarily and comparatively high.

Little additional expense would be involved in one or two minor or immediate reforms, which include:

1. The marking of every 30 m.p.h. limit on the road surface throughout the whole of its length, as by a series of white or yellow blobs down the centre of each traffic lane.

2. The marking of all approaches to dangerous road junctions on the road surface, as by a waved white or yellow line, coupled with the prohibiting of all parking on any section of road so marked.

3. The abolition of all "Halt" and "Slow" posts at the road side, and the substitution of "Halt" or "Slow" painted on the road surface in white or yellow, according to the colour of the local surface "carpet." (Police action would be needed, as now, to secure universal obedience.)

4. Belisha beacons should be retained, if controlled pedestrian crossings are retained, because the pedestrian needs notice of the whereabouts of such crossings; but this is the only "side signal" which is logical. Pedestrian crossings should be clearly marked on the road surface for the sake of drivers, as by a double yellow line, with or without the word "Crossing." In strange towns we all scan the sidewalk anxiously for potential beacons—a serious and silly case of "distraction."

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 354

Set by Hamish Miles

The usual prizes are offered for a set of Six Good Resolutions for One's Old Age.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 1st.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 352

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy recently gave advice to reviewers; but what about the reviewed? For the defence of this usually inarticulate majority we invite Ten Maxims for the Reviewed. The usual prizes are offered for the best entries.

Report by V. S. Pritchett

I am not sure whether to call the results of this competition disappointing or intimidating—the former because, as I should have foreseen, advice *en masse* always fails to live up to one's irresponsible hopes; the latter because all competitors seemed to be case-hardened reviewees. I had expected more eccentricity and less cynicism of the obvious sort. Having myself exhausted most of the normal emotions of the reviewed, I had hoped for new and exciting outlets. There must surely be delightful and untried methods of baiting the unfavourable reviewer? Most of the advice was caustic. Of those who took the purely serious course only Allan M. Laing stood out, and his first maxim: "Read your reviews with a tape measure: space, in this connection, is the sincerest form of flattery," shows a profound study of the reviewing racket. Pablo de Vasquez in a witty paper had the originality to comfort the reviewed with the reflection that, as Dr. Goebbels has recently shown, reviewing will cease under Fascism; and S. Raybould, pleading for reviewers, says: "'Don't kill him!' as the nigger said of the mosquito, 'he does it for a living.'" No one else stressed this blood-sucking characteristic of the reviewer. Many, however, noted that reviewers and reviewed were commonly the same people nowadays and bribery, by means of alcohol, was frequently suggested. Put your reviewer in your next novel, read the *Dunciad* as a tonic, pray your reviewer will write a book himself, read the imprecating *Psalms*, were typical pieces of advice; and several competitors made puns about Mr. Agate who seems to have caused some bitterness among the readers of this paper. The most unkind cut was a suggestion that victims should set precisely this competition for the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, but I assure this reader that I am among those who are content to Let Posterity be my Judge. I liked Mr. Wm. Burch's quick-fire of negatives best and he has the first prize. The second was more difficult, but I eliminated Mr. Conrad Voss Bark, Joan Jukes and Miss A. N. Leay in favour of the double-edged Mr. W. Leslie Nicholls and he has the second prize.

FIRST PRIZE

TEN MAXIMS FOR THE "WOULD-BE" REVIEWED

1. Don't write books.
2. Don't publish them.
3. If you do—don't collect the press cuttings.
4. If you do—don't read them.
5. If you do—don't take them to heart.
6. If you do—don't write to the papers about them.
7. If you do—don't lose your temper.
8. If you do—don't forget the law of libel.
9. If you do—don't forget to employ a good solicitor. And if you employ a good solicitor you will not be able to pay him out of your royalties, so:—
10. *DON'T WRITE BOOKS.*

WILLIAM BURCH

SECOND PRIZE

1. Don't read reviews.
   If, as is likely, you find this maxim impossible of fulfilment,
2. Fortify yourself with the thought that unfavourable reviews are often the result of professional jealousy.
   Also,
3. Remember that praise is always unbiased.
   This will help you to
4. Ignore personal attacks masquerading as criticism.
   If, again, you find this maxim somewhat difficult,
5. Discover the motive behind the attack.
   This will probably be a desire for revenge kindled by a notice you wrote of a book by your reviewer. You will now be in a position to
6. Write to the papers and unmask the pettiness of the reviewer's mind.
   But, for Heaven's sake,
7. Don't be dragged into a quarrel.
   If you cannot observe this maxim, at any rate
8. Don't lose your dignity.
   If this is also too difficult for you,
9. Don't write reviews which will prejudice your chances later on.
   Better still,
10. Don't write at all.

W. LESLIE NICHOLLS

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

COLISEUM. Cinderella. Daily, 2.

COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. T.,F.,S.

DRURY LANE. Careless Rapture. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Murder in the Cathedral. W.,Th.,S.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed. & Sat.
The Astonished Ostrich.

DUKE OF YORK'S. M., Tu., Th., F.
Eskimos Ahoy !

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats. & Dec. 28.

HIPPODROME. Mother Goose. Daily, 2.

KINGSWAY. Buckie's Bears. Daily 2.30.

LYRIC. Charles the King. Th., Sats. & Dec. 28.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PHŒNIX. "Hell-for-Leather !" Thur., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Mon., Wed., Th., Sat.

ROYALTY. Marigold. Daily 2.30.

ST. JAMES'. Pride & Prejudice. W., Th., S.

ST. MARTIN'S. Boxing Day & Tues., Fri.
Till the Cows Come Home.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Sats.

SAVOY. "Young Madame Conti." Tu., Sat.

SHAFTESBURY. "Heart's Content." W., S.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts ! S., M., Th.

WESTMINSTER. Waste. Wed. & Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

COLISEUM. Tem. 3161. XMAS EVE, 7.30.
Daily, 2 & 7.30. PRINCE LITTLER'S Pantomime
CINDERELLA
EDNA BEST. LUPINO LANE.
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ZENA DARE in
CARELESS RAPTURE.

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 208.—FIVE PICTURES

"I don't believe you girls know anything about Art," said Mrs. Prigg, to her daughters. "Anyway, here's a prize—half a crown—for the girl who does best in a little test I've devised for you. These five postcards"—she arranged them on the piano—"are copies of pictures by Degas, Klee, Matisse, Picasso and Renoir. Which is by whom? That's what you have to tell me. I've numbered the postcards 1 to 5; here are pencil and paper; you will each make out a list; and the one who does best gets the money."

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Prigg collected the lists. Having studied them, she snorted disapprovingly. "You might have done worse," was her verdict, "but there must have been a lot of guesswork. No one gets the prize, however—all five of you have scored the same number of points. I suppose you must have sixpence each."

The girls lists were:

Kitty. (1) Renoir, (2) Matisse, (3) Picasso, (4) Degas, (5) Klee.
Beryl. (1) Matisse, (2) Picasso, (3) Renoir, (4) Degas, (5) Klee.
Lorna. (1) Degas, (2) Picasso, (3) Renoir, (4) Klee, (5) Matisse.
Doris. (1) Klee, (2) Matisse, (3) Degas, (4) Picasso, (5) Renoir.
May. (1) Degas, (2) Picasso, (3) Matisse, (4) Renoir, (5) Klee.

Assign the appropriate artist to each number.

PROBLEM 206.—FACE VALUES

Cubes with a value of 10 will have sides 631, 541 or 532. Now only two cubes can be formed with the colours at three corners adding up to 10 (these are 1 and 2 in the schedule below); six more have the colours at two corners adding up to 10. There are Nos. 5–6. Hence the eight cubes coloured by the boys were the eight (out of 30 which it is possible to construct) which, when dissected, produce the above selection of 10's.

Schedule. Each cube has a Blue base.

No.	Opposite Face.	Other Faces in Clockwise Order.				10's
1	Red	White	Yellow	Black	Green	3
2	Red	White	Green	Black	Yellow	3
3	Red	White	Black	Yellow	Green	2
4	Red	White	Green	Yellow	Black	2
5	Black	White	Green	Red	Yellow	2
6	Black	White	Yellow	Red	Green	2
7	Green	White	Yellow	Black	Red	2
8	Green	White	Red	Black	Yellow	2

The odds against a 10 cube being drawn from the tray are now, obviously, 46 : 18.

PROBLEM 205.—MINA WAS A MEANIE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. H. M. Irwin, 45 Cherry Valley Park, Belfast.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

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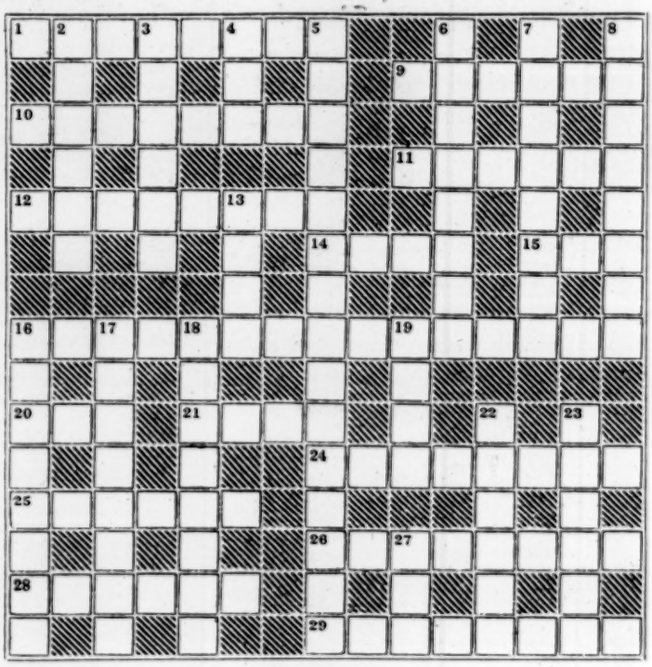
VAPEX

V 147 Of Chemists 2/- & 3/- THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 355

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S

The last week's winner is

Mrs. T. J. Rees, 30 Eaton Crescent, Swansea.

ACROSS

1. Hopeful estimate of the turkey's size.
9. Suitable wreaths for Christmas.
10. Arrest me for such decoration.
11. When the pro gets it he'll show you the course.
12. Of these we hope there will be no misgivings.
14. Shopping receptacle for 20.
15. Skilfully used in putting up the decorations.
16. Many have lately been waiting about with these.
20. Bill's homecoming will demand this.
21. Cry of Ruth's son after the festivities?
24. Has no doubt been recently redecorated.
25. They fly from the crackers.
26. Epitomised remnant on the dessert plate.
28. Take a bun, do, to give you a jump.
29. Showing off on the highway?

DOWN

2. Orderly way the afternoon drink will be made for a large party.
3. Male stance on the hearthrug after 5.
4. A prose one of 16 across includes a tiny one.
5. This no doubt will show that Dec. 25 is one of the greater feasts.
6. We put up with it, as it were, when it isn't fair.
7. Sounds like a disease caused by a leaden pudding for 5.
8. Material for cool hands at snap-dragon.
13. We must wait a year for this 5.
16. A bite—but not of something hot.
17. It helps things to warm up when a rat gets tied up with the wireless.
18. Its fulfilment is seasonably essential.
19. This will also appear when Bill arrives.
22. Search in the arcade—for presents, presumably.
23. How the pudding was done.
27. This will be hot, yet parts of it may be iced.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

I	L	I	A	C	■	F	I	R	E	B	R	A	N	D
N	■	M	■	U	■	A	■	O	■	E	■	I	■	E
C	A	P	S	T	A	N	■	A	B	S	O	R	B	S
O	■	R	■	A	■	T	■	D	■	O	■	F	■	T
G	R	O	U	N	D	A	S	H	■	T	Y	L	E	R
■	■	V	■	D	■	I	■	O	■	■	■	O	■	O
P	L	E	U	R	A	L	■	G	E	T	A	W	A	Y
O	■	■	■	U	■	■	■	■	H	■	■	■	■	E
L	A	C	U	N	A	R	■	S	T	I	G	A	N	D
E	■	A	■	■	E	■	L	■	C	■	N	■	■	■
V	I	R	I	D	■	B	L	A	C	K	B	A	L	L
A	■	E	■	U	■	U	■	N	■	S	■	T	■	A
U	N	F	R	O	C	K	■	D	R	O	P	O	U	T
L	■	U	■	M	■	E	■	E	■	U	■	M	■	I
T	A	L	L	O	R	D	E	R	■	P	A	Y	I	N

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

JOBBING BACKWARDS—STOPPING THE NEW YORK BOOM—U.S. RAILROADS—ZINC CORPORATION—PREFERENCE AND ORDINARY

THERE is no need to wish my readers a happy Christmas. With the active advice offered by the weekly financial press they must have made a lot of money this year. Even the Actuaries Investment Index has done fairly well:

ACTUARIES INVESTMENT INDICES (DEC. 31ST, 1928 = 100)

Industrial Shares.	Dec., 1935.	Dec., 1936.	% rise.
Productive	83.7	93.6	11.8
Distributive	67.0	77.8	16.1
Miscellaneous	86.3	95.0	10.1
All classes of ord. shares ..	80.3	89.9	12.0

The *Financial News* index of thirty leading industrial ordinary shares has beaten the Actuaries with a rise of 14.7 per cent. But I imagine that the individual investor could easily have bettered all the indices on his own selection. It has not been very difficult to make money because the selection of "winners" has been comparatively easy. Nearly all the popular "leaders" have led the market. For example:

	End Dec., 1935.	Present Price.	% rise.
Associated Cement, £1 ..	65/-	109/7½	68.7
Distillers, £1	98/-	123/6	26.0
General Electric, £1	73/-	93/6	27.7
Shell Transport, £1	4 3/32	6¼	52.7
Turner & Newall, £1 ..	70/-	112/6	60.7
Woolworth, £1	5⅛	4 5/16†	50.0

† Equivalent to 8⅝ before 100 per cent. capital bonus.

My own favourites have been Zinc Corporation and Shell Transport, recommended from 40*s.* and 71*s.* 3*d.* respectively upwards, and now quoted at 117*s.* 6*d.* and 129*s.* 6*d.* respectively.

* * *

The appreciation in American Common stocks has been even more gratifying, but no rich American can take advantage of the rise by selling, for the bulk of his capital profit would be taken by the American Treasury in taxation. The American Government is now trying its hardest to stop the Wall Street boom. Mr. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, declared in a recent address in Boston, that a runaway bull market might easily develop from cash buying, which would be much more difficult for the authorities to stop than a boom based on bank credit. But Mr. Eccles was not daunted. He proposed a four-point programme for stopping the "cash-buying" boom: "(1) Balancing the Budget, and retiring Government debt in order to reduce bank deposits; (2) Curtailing excess bank reserves, if necessary to the point of forcing the banks to borrow from the Federal Reserve system; (3) Sterilising, or still better, preventing further imports of capital; and (4) Increasing the taxes paid by foreigners on their investments in America." It is unfair, he added, that American investors should be required to pay capital gains taxes and to pay income taxes which range as high as 75 per cent., while foreigners are able to purchase American securities and profit by the American recovery without being subject to any taxation other than the nominal 10 per cent. on dividends. Mr. Eccles could certainly inaugurate a slump on the New York Stock Exchange by heavily increasing taxation on foreign holdings, but it seems a curious way of helping the American recovery. The safe way to stop a Wall Street boom is to reduce the American capital tax, so as to facilitate domestic selling, and to allow unrestricted short selling, so as to encourage the bears.

* * *

Mr. Eccles has a friend in the United States Interstate Commerce Commission. With a shameful disregard of Christmas goodwill, the Commission has refused to extend the emergency freight rate surcharges for the railroads, which expire at the end of this year. Railroad stocks, in spite of the satisfactory car loadings and the bullish estimates of 1936 earnings, have declined further from their 1936 high levels than any other group on the New York Stock Exchange. The surcharge question has been the disturbing factor. The railroads had petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to continue the present surcharges pending an enquiry into the framing of a permanent rate system. The Interstate Commerce Commission curtly refused—on the grounds that the emergency situation, which the surcharges were designed to meet, had now passed. In their view there is no immediate prospect of a rise in operating expenses and every likelihood that increasing traffics would offset the surcharges. Consideration of the railroad proposals for revised rates will be given by the Commission early next year, but in the meantime the railroad industry will suffer a loss of revenue which was estimated this year at $105 millions. The following table shows how some of the leading companies will be affected:

	1936 Estimated Earnings per share.	Surcharge per Common share.	1937 Inc. in Gross Revenues required to absorb surcharges ('000).	Per cent. of 1936 Estimated Earnings.
Atchison Topeka Common...	2.00	$1.16	$8,400	5.5
Baltimore & Ohio Common...	0.23 def.	2.87	21,200	13.3
New York Central Common	2.00	2.27	36,800	10.5
New York Chicago & St. Louis Preferred	9.45 (prefd.)	4.27 (prefd.)	4,800	11.9
Pennsylvania Common ...	2.75	1.07	35,000	8.4
Southern Preferred	5.00 (prefd.)	5.95 (prefd.)	9,100	10.0
Southern Pacific Common ...	2.50	0.58	11,200	6.0
Union Pacific Common ...	7.50	1.04	9,100	6.1

It will be seen from this table that Atchison, New York Central, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore and Ohio common stocks and Nickel Plate preferred and Southern preferred are all badly affected by the elimination of the surcharge. Bulls of the railroad stocks, however, argue first that the Interstate Commerce Commission may restore half of the losses on reconsideration, secondly that the Roosevelt administration desires full recovery of the railroads under private ownership, thirdly that the railroad workers enjoy wage standards above the average and will now be deterred from asking for any further increases. Personally, I would expect to see the market react further, and in that event I would consider Southern Pacific and Union Pacific common stocks excellent purchases. These two railways are not seriously affected by the loss of the surcharge and it would require only a 6 per cent. increase in gross revenues to put them back into the position they were before.

* * *

My Statistical Assistant this week contends that Zinc Corporation preference shares at 8 13/16 are cheaper than Zinc ordinary at 6¼.

Statistical Assistant: Zinc Corporation preference shares are entitled to a cumulative dividend of 20 per cent. and to further participation *pari passu* with the ordinary shares. The rate of participating dividend on the £1 preference shares is always at half the rate of dividend on the 10*s.* ordinary shares, so that the actual equity dividend per share is the same. If the ordinary shares receive 4*s.* 6*d.* as in 1935, the preference receive 4*s.* 6*d.* per share in addition to the fixed cumulative dividend of 4*s.* Each preference share may therefore be regarded as a 20 per cent. non-participating preference share plus one ordinary share.

Toreador: The ultimate security for both the preference and ordinary dividends rests chiefly on the price of lead, so that on general grounds, and especially in a boom, most people would prefer to invest £100 in the ordinary shares than to invest £35 in the non-participating preference and only £65 in the ordinary shares. When profits are rising steeply the dividend on the ordinary share rises more rapidly than the total dividend on the preference shares.

Statistical Assistant: I agree, but investors do not put all their money into mining equities. I suggest that the holder of 100 Zinc ordinary shares worth £625 would exchange into 100 preference shares for £885. His equity interest remains the same and for the additional £260 he obtains in effect 100 20 per cent. non-participating preference shares yielding, after allowance for Dominion relief of income tax, over 7 per cent. The 20 per cent. dividend has been paid throughout the depression. Indeed, it has generally been covered by the company's investment income derived principally from smelting companies. Smelting profits depend on volume, not on price, and are thus comparatively stable. I contend that the difference in market prices of Zinc preference and ordinary shares should be nearer £4 per share than £3 per share.

Toreador: But another snag is the poor market. It is very difficult to buy the preference shares, and in bad times they would not be easily saleable. This problem of marketability is important, for no one would buy base metal shares to keep for ever.

Statistical Assistant: I calculate that Zinc Corporation should earn at least 7*s.* per ordinary share in 1936, while in 1937, if production and current prices of the metals are maintained, the earnings should amount to at least 16*s.* per share. Zinc ordinary shares thus give a current earnings yield of 13 per cent.

Toreador: If the potentialities of Zinc ordinary shares are so great, why trouble to get a preference share on the cheap?

Company Meeting

CARRERAS, LTD.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR

THE thirty-third annual general meeting of Carreras, Ltd., was held on December 18th in London.

Mr. Harry W. Danbury, chairman of the Company, said (in part): The past year's trading has resulted in a net profit of £1,234,833. By adding the amount brought forward from last year—£1,282,834—to this there is an amount available of £2,574,584. Your directors feel justified in making a larger cash distribution on all classes of ordinary shares. For some years past the dividend has been at the rate of 35 per cent., and last year a cash bonus of 1s. per share on the ordinary and A ordinary and 1½d. per share on the B ordinary shares was paid. This year it is proposed that in addition to the dividend of 35 per cent. a cash bonus of 2s. per share on the ordinary and A ordinary shares and 3d. per share on the B ordinary shares should be distributed. There remains an amount of £1,517,472, and the directors propose that out of this amount a sum of £708,626 shall be capitalised and B ordinary shares distributed by way of bonus in the proportion of 16 B ordinary for every 5 ordinary and/or A ordinary shares and 2 B ordinary for every 5 B ordinary shares held by shareholders on January 4th, 1937.

The general consumption of cigarettes and tobacco has shown an increase during the past year, and we have obtained a fair share of the additional trade. Our machinery and factory equipment are maintained at a high standard of efficiency, and unremitting efforts are directed to the improvement of our manufacturing facilities and the application of every modern development to our machinery. Our overseas business is being well maintained, and in some markets very satisfactory progress has been made. During the past year your directors turned their attention to Canada with a view to securing a larger share of the trade in that Dominion, and I am glad to tell you that we have obtained control of an established manufacturing business in Quebec with a very good organisation for marketing our products throughout the territory. I am pleased to inform you that in the short period of the current financial year which has elapsed our trade shows every sign of being maintained, and if the present favourable conditions of trade should continue your directors have every hope that the Company will be able to maintain the favourable position in which it finds itself to-day.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS

POPULARITY OF PRODUCTIONS MAINTAINED

THE annual general meeting of Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., was held on Tuesday last at Raphael House, Moorfields, E.C.,

Mr. Gustave Tuck (chairman and managing director) said (in part):

We had hopes last year that the conditions of international and world trade might become more settled and that problems of currency might be stabilised. This, however, has not materialised, and we still find it difficult to do business in many countries overseas. As a firm of 70 years standing we have a reputation built up in the course of time, which we have maintained. You will agree that to-day the name of Tuck stands as high as ever in the world of artistic productions.

For some time past your directors have been negotiating with a view to strengthening your board. Arrangements are nearing completion whereby three gentlemen, including the chairman and one of the directors of one of the most important and successful printing businesses in this country, will, it is hoped, be giving us the value of their services.

The Christmas and greeting card department, the largest section of our activities, continues to make progress, the popularity of these productions being unabated. Tuck's books continue to appeal to the imagination of the younger generation. Our calendars bring their full measure of joy for twelve months in the year.

Tuck's Postcards—the pioneers of picture postcards in this country—are being constantly added to with designs of an artistic and topical nature, the local view section being responsible for a large increase in the circulation of these world-famous missives. The accession of H.M. King George VI to the Throne evoked an immediate and natural desire for authentic portraits of their Majesties.

I have pleasure in announcing that we have just acquired the copyrights of two magnificent Royal paintings of the King and Queen by Mr. Simon Elwes, from sittings graciously accorded the artist, exhibited at the Royal Academy. Reproductions of these two Royal pictures, for which we anticipate a heavy demand, not only at home but in our Dominions and Colonies overseas, will be ready towards the middle of next month.

The report was adopted.

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"THE POPULAR FRONT." Lecturer: EMILE-BURNS.
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Thursday, Jan. 7th, 10.30 *a.m.*
"THE SOVIET CONSTITUTION." Lecturer: PAT SLOAN.
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